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ISSUE NO: 1

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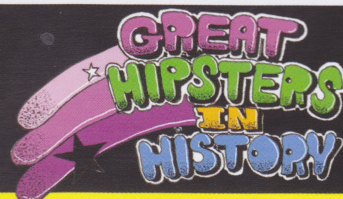
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# GREAT HIPSTERS in HISTORY, NUMBERS 1-3

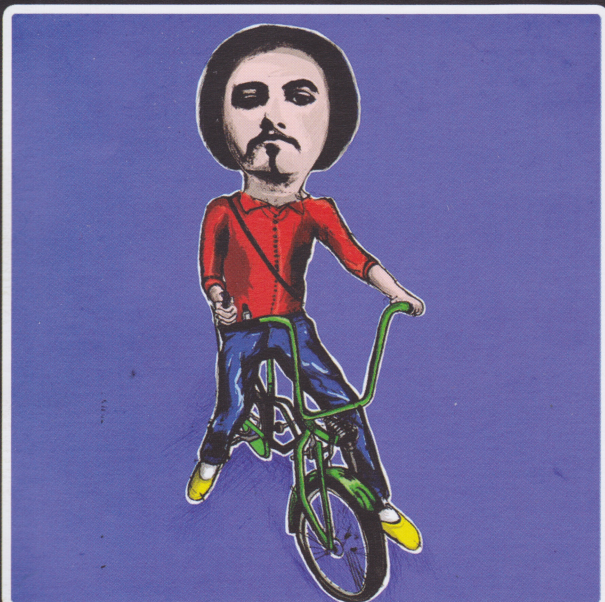


## GREAT HIPSTERS in HISTORY!

No. 1: Emma Goldman

Born Lithuania in 1869, anarchist and writer Emma Goldman emigrated to New York in 1885. Meeting lifelong friend and lover Alexander Berkman, the couple attempted to assassinate anti-union steelworks manager Henry Frick, hoping to spark a workers' revolution. Neither plan worked and Berkman was sentenced to 22 years. 'Red Emma' continued alone, giving lectures on anarchy, women's rights, freedom of speech, homosexual rights, prison reform and the like. She did time for incitement to resist the then-new draft and in 1906 founded the 20th century underground press with anarchist journal *Mother Earth*. She died in Toronto during 1940.

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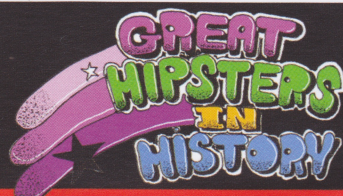


## GREAT HIPSTERS in HISTORY!

No. 2: Alfred Jarry

The gay French writer Alfred Jarry, born 1873, squandered his small inheritance on absinthe, painting his face green in tribute. Under five feet, Jarry's military career concluded when his comical appearance proved disruptive. During 1896, Jarry's play *Ubu Roi* with its obscene dictator Ubu outraged Paris, greatly influencing the later Surrealists. In *Dr. Faustrol*, a delirious fantasy, Jarry describes 'The Fragrant Isle' and its unusual god, whose two commandments are to 'Be in Love' and 'Be Mysterious'. Jarry spoke in a robot monotone, lived in a mezzanine, invented the absurdist science of 'Pataphysics' and died in 1907, aged just 34.

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## GREAT HIPSTERS in HISTORY!

No. 3: Paul Robeson

Paul Robeson, multi-linguist, athlete, lawyer and out-spoken radical was born in 1898. The first black 20th century actor to portray Othello and defining voice of 'Ol' Man River', Robeson used his status as respected black performer to campaign for peace, racial equality and worker's rights, as with the Welsh coalminers he supported in the 1930s. Persecuted in the 1950s Red Scare as a communist, Robeson was also allegedly drugged as part of 1960s CIA mind-control operation, MK ULTRA. Monitored until his unrepentant death in 1976, with a humungous FBI file, Robeson is the 20th century's overlooked black hero.

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Welcome to Dodgem Logie. Price of admission: your mind. And £2.50. Frankly, if you stump up the £2.50 we're not even that bothered about your mind, which is probably full of infected animal proteins and misremembered one-liners from Sex and the City. Let's face the facts: society has prolapsed and culture is thrashing like a stapled centipede. The economy fades away, a jilted fairy nobody believes in. Meanwhile, our elected leaders are claiming second homes for their anteaters. The hearses are bumper to bumper in Wootton Bassett, each coffin draped in Gerry Halliwell's iconic mini-skirt just to remind the mujahedin what our lads are fighting for. Within our lifetimes Norfolk will become a weird, inbred Atlantis and we won't be sniggering at the inhabitants because of their webbed fingers anymore. The icebergs that we need to pollinate our flowers are dying and the bees are melting. I've researched all this. Clearly, what the world needs is a trippy-looking underground mag with a self-confessed agenda of aggressive randomness. Then everything will be all right. Dodgem Logie is produced in Northampton but designed to have worldwide appeal in that one abused, dilapidated and neglected shithole is much like another. We are neither local nor global: we are lobal. If you want a regional edition, just replace our 'Notes From Noho' insert with embittered rantings of your own device. Contact our shell-shocked underground veteran publisher, [tong@knockabout.com](mailto:tong@knockabout.com), and we'll work something out. Our manifesto is...oh, I don't know. I'm not your mum. How about no more foreign wars, no replacement for Trident, no identity cards, no stinking badges, no talking about Fight Club, and then if everybody's on board we'll take it from there? We just want to get along. If you're touched by our belligerent vagueness, then write to us at our temporary, fly-by-night mailing address, Close Encounters, 29 Abington Square, Northampton, NN1 4PE, or inspect our web-sty at [www.dodgemlogie.com](http://www.dodgemlogie.com). Or just think about us really hard and then hang up. We'll know who it is.

Alan Moore '50s icon and the boss of you.



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# GOING UNDERGROUND



THE PUBLIC GETS WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

**Alan Moore** unearths the fabulous subterranean treasures of underground publishing.

It was the American humorist Henry Mencken (1880 - 1956) who said that "Freedom of the press is limited to those who own one", words that are if anything more true today than they were then, surrounded as we are by giant media empires and secretive leaders who increasingly prefer to operate behind the handy screen of 'national security'. What Mencken meant, loosely translated, is that if you want to have a voice and be heard on the subjects that concern you or outrage you, then you might be better off not trusting Rupert Murdoch and his global circus of tits and atrocity to be your spokesman.

Publishing, however, just means making something public, and therefore the broadcasting of radical opinions goes back further than Johannes Gutenberg's invention of the printing press in the late fifteenth century. Hand-written tracts expressing new religious or political ideas were handed between plague-carts during the 1200s, very much like Twitter only with more leprosy and maggots, and by the following century were the most high-tech means of passing on whatever you had on your mind; whatever bees were in your badly-woven yokel bonnet. In the 1300s tracts were used to spread the teachings of John Wycliffe, who insisted that the bible be translated into English so that all religious, moral, and therefore political discussion was conducted in the language of the ordinary working man or woman rather than in Latin, a tongue only understood by educated persons of the upper classes.

Wycliffe and his followers, the Lollards, who believed in both the social and the spiritual emancipation of the lower orders, were responsible for setting off a glorious firecracker string of revolutionary debates. The notion that important, even sacred matters could be talked about in English would kick-start the evolution of a visionary tradition that includes John Bunyan's fiery Pilgrim's Progress alongside the ferocious and angelic work of William Blake or 'peasant poet' John Clare, writing marvels in the madhouse. Also, by breaking the stranglehold that Latin had upon the bible, Wycliffe paved the way for Martin Luther's earth-shaking Protestant revolution of the fifteenth century, a period which saw the birth of a spectacular variety of oddball sects and movements calling for a new society and which, in 1485, also conveniently saw the birth of printing.

Within just over a hundred years of this, in 1586 the Archbishop of Canterbury was given powers to control all the country's printing apparatus as a way of censoring the Presbyterian movement in the church. Although the psychedelic, colourful-as-Jimi's-vomit heyday of the 1960s was still centuries away it was here, in the backlash against this act of oppression, that the underground press truly had its origins. Furious with the church for this attempted censorship atop its other failings, a Warwickshire squire named 'Jibing' Job Throckmorton began publishing illegal pamphlets that attacked the church authorities under the pseudonym of Martin Marprelate, with 'Martin' presumably name-checking Martin Luther and to mar a prelate meaning the same as to wound a clergyman.

These tracts were circulated during 1588 and 1589, printed on presses that were moved around the country to avoid detection...a contemporary who'd published handbills criticising Queen Elizabeth the First had both his arms chopped off...and remind us why publishing sometimes needs the anonymity and cover that the underground provides. The finest hour of made-up Martin Marprelate, however, came during the 1640s when both Jibing Job and his elusive printer were long dead.

17th century England and the court of Charles the First were dancing on the edge of an apocalypse. Throughout the country there were glaring social inequalities so that the middle classes faced hard times while the poor people of the lower classes simply starved, often to death. John Wycliffe's Lollards were no longer on their own in calling for a new society, but had been joined by all the frequently fanatical new sects and movements that had sprung up in the wake of Martin Luther: Quakers, Anabaptists, Antinomians, Moravians, Muggletonians, Ranters, Levellers and Diggers. Many of these groups embraced heretical ideas such as the notion that there was no afterlife, no Hell or Heaven except here on Earth. Some of them, notably the early Quakers, called for violent overthrow of earthly institutions such as church and state and would strip naked in the street to get their point across. Some of the Ranters took the same approach and also preached a creed of sexual liberation and abandonment of earthly goods in pamphlets known as 'fiery flying rolls', prophetic texts penned by such worthies as the mighty Abiezer Coppe. The Diggers were guerrilla gardeners who grew crops on common land that had been fenced off and enclosed by noblemen at the beginning of the century, while Levellers were two-fisted anarchists who wanted to get rid of noblemen and rulers altogether. What these different crews agreed on was that God wanted them to reorganise society so that the many poor were not downtrodden by the wealthy few; wanted to sweep away the kings and clerics that oppressed them and replace it all with a new social order, with a New Jerusalem. When somebody discovered the incendiary texts of Martin Marprelate from fifty years before, reprinting them and circulating them to protest the injustices of the new century, these prototype underground papers helped to ignite Cromwell's civil war and led to the beheading of the reigning monarch. Stirred into a mix that already included Bunyan's blazing vision of a godly world where men were equal, and the anarchistic idea of a 'Nation of Saints' that would not need priests or rulers, Marprelate's words were like petrol on a damp and smouldering English bonfire.

In the eighteenth century the flames of unrest ran through Europe and colonial America, with clandestinely-printed tracts providing a seemingly endless source of fuel. The writer Thomas Paine, a Norfolk man from Thetford, emigrated to America in 1774 where he participated in the revolution as a pamphleteer, producing the inflammatory Common Sense which advocated independence from Great Britain. Later, not content with his American success, Paine wrote The Rights of Man, one of the cornerstones of the French Revolution. When he wasn't overturning empires with his broadsheets Paine was close friends with the poet, artist, radical and visionary William Blake, who was himself a pioneer of what would one day be known as underground publishing. An angry mystic who combined fierce social criticism with a cryptic spiritual language that was all his own, Blake handled every aspect of his beautifully illustrated texts himself, from mixing his own pigment to engraving his own printing plates. A sympathiser with the revolutions in America and France, Blake was amongst the cheering crowd who witnessed Newgate Prison burning and was forced to circulate his works amongst supportive friends in secret when the panicked government retaliated with sedition trials and lynch-mobs.







Outlaw publishing, increasingly, became the favoured vehicle for unacceptable religion, unacceptable political ideas and unacceptable artistic offerings. This obviously included publications that were unacceptable by virtue of their sexual content, with pornography thus added to the underground's already heady blend of social and spiritual upheaval. In fact, due to the great popularity of pornographic leaflets, during the French Revolution porn was used as a device for spreading revolutionary propaganda. Pamphlets depicting Marie Antoinette as, variously, a lesbian or an incestuous nymphomaniac conducting an affair with her own son were commonplace, and it was during this tempestuous period that the Marquis de Sade composed deranged erotic works which satirised the perverse workings of society and which were circulated in cheap, grubby chapbook form, churned out anonymously on some hidden backroom printing press.

After the eighteenth century's insurrections came the relatively stable nineteenth century. Lacking the radical explosions of the previous few hundred years it was now mostly in the arts that the subversive spirit of the bandit publisher was to be found. Victorian England's state of severe sexual repression meant that there was a vast, thriving market for illegally-produced pornography. It also meant that serious artists who included elements of the erotic in their work found themselves persecuted and increasingly unable to find publishers who were entirely reputable. In the 1890s, after Oscar Wilde was tried and jailed for homosexuality, there was a vicious backlash by the press and the authorities against the whole Decadent movement in the arts that Wilde had been so prominent a part of. When Wilde was reported carrying a yellow-covered book beneath his arm while on his way to court, the outcry was sufficient to compel the Decadents' main periodical, *The Yellow Book*, to cease from publishing. This meant that many of the era's most extraordinary talents, such as artist Aubrey Beardsley, were both unemployed and unemployable and would have certainly remained so had not the heroic Leonard Smithers stepped into the breach. Smithers was a publisher who already enjoyed a murky reputation owing to his not-infrequent pornographic ventures. Friend and publisher to the explorer and man of the world Sir Richard Francis Burton, Smithers was notoriously liberal in his approach to sex, with a sign in the window of his Bond Street bookshop reading "Smut is cheap today". In 1896 after *The Yellow Book's* demise he founded *The Savoy*, a magazine which made room in its pages for the poet Ernest Dowson, Beardsley, and the disgraced Oscar Wilde amongst a slew of others. Although literature and art owed Smithers an incalculable debt for both his bravery and generosity he was made bankrupt during 1900 and died nine years later as an alcoholic and drug-sodden wreck.

Amongst his purely smutty output, Smithers published pornographic writings by his friend Aleister Crowley. Crowley, held to be the prophet of a new aeon by his followers or, alternatively, to be the most evil black magician in the world by readers of the tabloid press, was at least an important occult thinker who, in 1909, commenced publishing an occult journal called *The Equinox*. The first such journal of its kind, *The Equinox* was an early example of a publication from a new and different sort of underground: this wasn't the extremely risky world of earlier religious or political idealists, where discovery most probably meant death. Instead, this was a small subculture...individuals with occult leanings...who were at worst ridiculed and marginalised by society at large. Even so, in publications like *The Equinox* such movements and minority subcultures found they had a voice. It was a voice that would become much louder as the twentieth century progressed.





# DONALD DUCK HAS A UNIVERSAL DESIRE!



There was also a great deal of overlap between these relatively small and isolated groups. The occultist and artist Austin Osman Spare, arguably the closest that England has ever come in finding a successor to the visionary William Blake, had been one of the earliest contributors to Crowley's *Equinox* but had soon parted company with the Great Beast to work on publications of his own. From 1916 until 1922, Spare published *Form* with W.H. Davies, who had mostly written his *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* while in the reading room down at Northampton Public Library. From 1922 to 1924, Spare co-published *The Golden Hind* with Clifford Bax, and in both cases the result was a gorgeously-decorated magazine of the best modern art and writings, demonstrating that underground publishing could not only be vitally informative but could also be something of tremendous otherworldly beauty, setting an important standard for what was to come.

Art-oriented magazines like Spare's proliferated during the first years of the new century. The artist Percy Wyndham Lewis published two issues of *BLAST* in 1914 and 1915, with the first issue's cover an unprecedented shocking pink and contributions from both T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, a short-lived literary magazine that was a figurehead for the Vorticist movement in the arts and would provide an influence for the Punk fanzines that would follow more than sixty years thereafter. Though such splendidly-produced and arty offerings would claim the most attention in the first half of the twentieth century, however, we should not ignore the riskier and possibly more genuinely underground work that was being published at this time. For instance, there were the privately printed writings of the boy-infatuated poets like Lord Alfred Douglas who described themselves, perhaps incautiously, as 'the Uranians'. Though founded in the 1850s, the Uranians were still furtively publishing their odes to man-boy love up until 1930. Then, of course, much lower down the social totem-pole and much more vulgar in their popular appeal, we find the pornographic 'Tijuana Bibles' that were circulated in the factories, bars and schoolyards of America from the mid 1920s to the swinging 'sixties.

Tijuana Bibles, probably so-called because of white America's belief that anything disreputable must originate in Mexico, were crudely printed eight-page comic books that usually depicted well-known personalities from fiction or real life involved in a variety of poorly-rendered sexual encounters. Personages as diverse as Popeye, Laurel and Hardy, Blondie, Mae West, Jimmy Cagney and Benito Mussolini regularly traded body-fluids for the entertainment of their massive secret audience. Winston Churchill is depicted in a scandalous relationship with his own daughter that results in the birth of a monstrously deformed incestuous offspring and the moral "Don't have sex with your own pa, or you'll have a two-headed baby". Even anti-social figures, actual gangsters like Baby-Face Nelson or John Dillinger, would have their strenuously-imagined sexual exploits immortalised in blotchy ink on paper more absorbent than a toilet roll, providing a compelling model for the highly-sexed underground comics that would spring up in the colourful and noisy social tumult of the later 1960s.

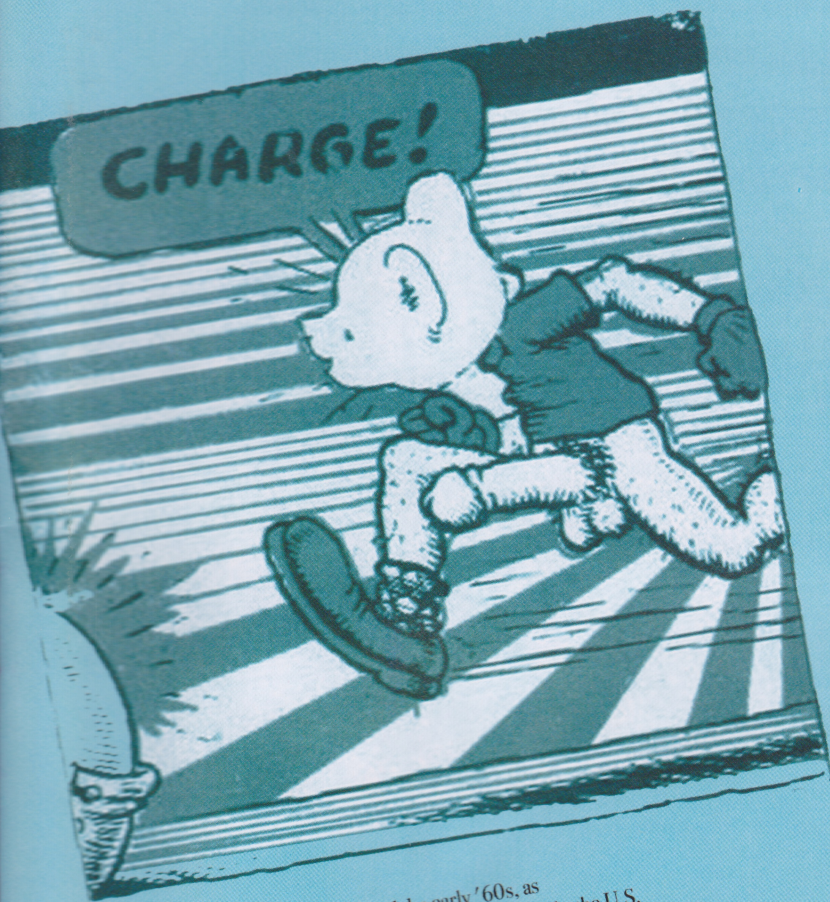
Before then, of course, there came the tumult and the noise of World War II, when pamphlets published by resistance fighters in occupied France and Holland were referred to as 'underground papers', handily providing a convenient name for the explosion of alternative print media that would occur in the two decades following the war. The most long-lived of these must surely be the pacifist gazette *Peace News* that began publication just before the war in 1936, was the beloved journal of the Aldermaston 'Ban the Bomb' campaigners of the 1950s and continues to the present day, having notched up some 2,500 issues in that period. Then there were the magazines that championed suppressed sexual minorities and the subcultures that had formed around them. The first lesbian magazine, *Vice Versa*, subtitled 'America's gayest magazine' and edited by the anagrammatic 'Lisa Ben' was published in Los Angeles from 1947 until 1948, while the homosexual *Mattachine Society* brought out their *Mattachine Review* in the late '50s. The female equivalent of this society, 'The Daughters of Bilitis', entered the arena with their lesbian review *The Ladder*, in a format very similar to the science fiction fanzines of the period, with whom the homosexual underground shared numerous contributors including the late noted science fiction fan and dykey-likey, F.J. Ackerman.

Meanwhile, upon the literary front, the writers who would later make up the Beat Movement were too controversial to be published through the normal outlets and depended on poetry magazines like Robert Creeley's *Black Mountain Review* (which featured early work by Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs and Jack Kerouac) or Gilbert Sorrentino's *Neon* magazine to get their writings into print. The end of World War II had ushered in an unfamiliar phase of new technology, new wealth and an entire new way of looking at the world, a world that was more jittery and uncertain in the wake of the atomic bomb and the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the 1950s there were artists, writers and musicians who were struggling to describe their changed societies in language that was new, experimental and appropriate to the times in which they lived. Culture was in an uproar, teeming with new voices and ideas, and only needed a fresh reinvention of the radical publishing ventures of the past to bring it all together into something viable and vibrant, into a new movement broad enough to spread beyond the confines of the secret backroom presses and their tiny print runs; something big and bright enough to have an influence upon the complicated modern western world.

In 1955 the writer Norman Mailer and some hipster colleagues started publishing *The Village Voice* from New York's beatnik-saturated Greenwich Village. Although relatively tame compared with the more radical publishing enterprises that would swiftly follow and although it has survived until the present as a thoroughly respectable above-ground paper, in its day *The Village Voice* was like a breath of subterranean fresh air, providing an important model and example for the full-blown pyrotechnics of the underground scene it preceded. Three years later, in the spring of 1958, the irrepressible Paul Krassner founded his new satire magazine *The Realist* from the New York office of *MAD* magazine where Krassner was employed. He even borrowed *MAD*'s star artist Wally Wood to draw *The Realist*'s most infamous satirical cartoon, a lurid orgy taking place in Disneyland with Goofy, Snow White, Sneezy, Donald Duck and Tinkerbell amongst the unrestrained participants. This scurrilous, indecent and immensely funny piece of artwork, reminiscent of the bygone Tijuana Bibles, was a splendid indication of the gleeful and iconoclastic mood that would pervade the underground to come.







The satire boom of the late '50s and the early '60s, as exemplified by so-called 'Sick' comedian Lenny Bruce in the U.S. and Peter Cook's Establishment Club on this side of the Atlantic, played a vital role in shaping the new counter-culture or alternative society that was just then beginning to emerge. In England, public schoolboys Richard Ingrams, Willie Rushton, Paul Foot and Christopher Booker transformed their school magazine into the vastly influential Private Eye, a satire mag launched during 1961 that very rapidly developed an impressive reputation for fearless investigative journalism, naming crooks that other organs daren't touch, from Ronnie Kray to Robert Maxwell.

All the elements were now in place for something genuinely marvellous, inspiring and occasionally worrying to struggle into being; something that would somehow manage to combine the moral, spiritual and revolutionary fervour of John Wycliffe, Martin Marprelate and Thomas Paine with the unearthly psychedelic vision of a William Blake, the occultism of a Crowley, the preoccupation with extravagant design of Austin Osman Spare or Wyndham Lewis, and the monstrous cocks and gaping lady-gardens of the Tijuana Bibles. The phenomenon first surfaced, unsurprisingly, upon the west coast of America with the first publication of the Free Press during 1964, with the paper renamed as The Los Angeles Free Press in 1965 and featuring the exquisitely-detailed and hard-hitting editorial cartoons of the sublime Ron Cobb, who may be most familiar to modern readers for his excellent design work on the first film in the Alien franchise.

By this time, the first signs of what would later be referred to as the freak or hippy movement were beginning to emerge across America and England, most conspicuously in the changes that were underway in music, fashion, literature and film, but also in the changing nature of political ideas that had evolved in the two decades since the war. By linking up all of these various concerns, underground papers arguably provided the essential glue that held the whole 'sixties explosion of radical new approaches to the world together. Back in 1965 they were quite evidently an idea whose time had come. In Berkeley, California, that same year, The Berkeley Barb was founded by Max Scherr.

Despite being highly political and serious in content, it should be remembered that this was also the paper that began the whole ridiculous 'smoking banana skins will get you high' hoax that was so prevalent at the time...yeah, I confess, I tried it...and which very probably has its believers to this day. Clearly, the underground was every bit as serious with its pranks and jokes as it was with its politics.

Meanwhile, back on America's east coast, The Village Voice was ten years old by 1965 and bordering upon respectability, allowing the more radical East Village Other to come into being that same year. By 1966 the roster of emergent underground papers and magazines had been increased by The Chicago Seed and the amazing San Francisco Oracle, which featured work by old Beat Generation hands like Allan Ginsberg alongside the coming wave of west coast psychedelic artists such as surfing mystic and iconic Grateful Dead embellisher Rick Griffin. More significantly from a British point of view, it was in 1966 that the first English underground was launched, this being International Times or IT. With silent film vamp Theda Bara's sexually alluring features gazing from its masthead every fortnight, IT had grown out of veteran hipster Barry Miles' Indica Bookshop in Southampton Row and the burgeoning alternative community inhabiting the basement flats of London's Ladbroke Grove as a home-grown response to the new underground press publications that were flourishing in the United States.

The magazine's launch party at the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm featured performances by Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd and the experimental Soft Machine, joined on the stage by Yoko Ono. Paul McCartney wandered through the melting colours of the liquid light in Arab fancy dress while the prize for the 'shortest, barest' costume went to Marianne Faithfull in a very brief nun's habit. Drenched in LSD and synthesiser gurgles, the foundation stone of British psychedelia had arrived. Supervised by a loose editorial collective that included counter-culture luminaries like John 'Hoppy' Hopkins, playwright Tom McGrath and instigator of the Arts Lab scene Jim Haynes; featuring a wealth of notable contributors from William Burroughs to the brilliant Michael Moorcock, IT became an English institution that endured in different incarnations up until the 1980s and today can be viewed in its glorious entirety online at <http://www.internationaltimes.it/>

## 4s OZ SCHOOL KIDS ISSUE





BY THE NEXT YEAR IT HAD BEEN JOINED BY THE FLAMBOYANT OZ, ORIGINATING IN AUSTRALIA IN 1963 AS A SATIRICAL AUSTRALIAN EQUIVALENT TO ENGLAND'S PRIVATE EYE. THE MAGAZINE'S CO-FOUNDERS, WRITER RICHARD NEVILLE AND ASTONISHING DESIGNER MARTIN SHARP RELOCATED TO LONDON DURING 1967 AND DECIDED THEY WOULD LAUNCH AN ENGLISH VERSION OF THEIR PUBLICATION WITH LESS SATIRE AND MORE ACID-INFLUENCED MATERIAL TO SUIT THE NEW TIMES AND THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT. WITH ITS EXPERIMENTAL, EVER-CHANGING FORMAT AND ITS WILLINGNESS TO PUSH THE ENVELOPE IN TERMS OF SEXUAL CONTENT, OZ WAS SWIFTLY TO BE EVEN MORE NOTORIOUS THAN IT; WHILE IT HAD BEEN TAKEN TO COURT FOR PRINTING SMALL ADS PLACED BY HOMOSEXUALS, EVEN THOUGH SUCH PRACTICES HAD BEEN MADE LEGAL THAT SAME YEAR, THE OZ TRIALS THAT TOOK PLACE IN 1970 WERE MUCH MORE INFAMOUS. THE COURT CASE HAD ARISEN FROM THE PUBLICATION OF OZ ISSUE #28, MORE WIDELY KNOWN AS 'SCHOOLKIDS OZ' BY VIRTUE OF HAVING BEEN EDITED BY SCHOOL-KIDS IN AN EFFORT BY THE MAGAZINE TO RETAIN ITS YOUTHFUL VITALITY. AMONG THE KIDS PARTICIPATING WERE THE SUBSEQUENTLY JUSTLY-FAMOUS MUSIC WRITER CHARLES SHAAH MURRAY AND A YOUNG CARTOONIST BY THE NAME OF VIVIAN BERGER WHO CONTRIBUTED A SCANDALOUS COLLAGE IN WHICH THE HEAD OF CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE RUPERT BEAR WAS PASTED ONTO A CONSPICUOUSLY ERECT BODY DRAWN BY UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST MAESTRO ROBERT CRUMB. THIS LAST PIECE BECAME A MAJOR FOCUS FOR THE PROSECUTION AND APPEARED TO SERIOUSLY INCENSE THE HIGHLY-BIASED JUDGE MICHAEL ARGYLL. DESPITE JOHN 'RUMPOLE' MORTIMER AS THEIR DEFENCE Q.C. AND WITNESSES INCLUDING DISC JOCKEY JOHN PEEL AND LATERAL THINKER AND PHILOSOPHER EDWARD DE BONO THE DEFENDANTS WERE FOUND GUILTY AND TAKEN TO PRISON WITH THEIR HEADS SHAVED, THOUGH THE VERDICT WOULD BE QUICKLY OVERTURNED UPON APPEAL. JOHN LENNON AND THE PLASTIC ONO BAND CONTRIBUTED TO A BENEFIT SINGLE, 'GOD SAVE OZ', BUT THOUGH THE MAGAZINE WOULD ULTIMATELY WIN THE CASE, THE TRIAL HAD BEEN A BLOW FROM WHICH OZ NEVER QUITE RECOVERED, FOLDING IN 1973 BUT STILL AVAILABLE ONLINE TODAY AT [HTTP://WEB.ARCHIVE.ORG/WEB/20060820120142/WWW.OZTRADING.NET](http://web.archive.org/web/20060820120142/www.oztrading.net).

BACK IN AMERICA THE SUBTERRANEAN EXPLOSION SIMILARLY DIED AWAY TO A DULL RUMBLE BY THE EARLY 1970S. THOUGH ROLLING STONE SEEMED UNDERGROUND IN NATURE AT ITS OUTSET DURING 1967, IT WOULD QUICKLY DISTANCE ITSELF FROM ITS MORE ANARCHIC BEDFELLOWS AND GO ON TO BECOME A PILLAR OF THE PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT, SURVIVING TO THE PRESENT DAY. THE SAME IS TRUE OF ALBERT GOLDSTEIN'S UNAPOLOGETICALLY LOW-MINDED SCREW, A SEX MAG LAUNCHED IN 1968, THAT WHILE IT SHARED A PREDILECTION FOR EXPLICIT SEX AND A CONTEMPT FOR CENSORSHIP, EMPLOYING UNDERGROUND CARTOONISTS LIKE VAUGHN BODÉ AND PERVERTED GENIUS ROBERT CRUMB, HAD VERY LITTLE ELSE IN COMMON WITH THE IDEALS OF THE COUNTER CULTURE. PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE FIELD AROUND THIS PERIOD WAS THE WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE, FOUNDED BY STEWART BRAND IN 1968 AS A COMPENDIUM OF BOOKS, EQUIPMENT AND, IN SHORT, EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO ESTABLISH AN ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY. THE PUBLICATION LASTED UNTIL 1972 BUT CAN BE FOUND AT [HTTP://WWW.WHOLEEARTH.COM](http://www.wholeearth.com).

THE ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS THAT HAD FOLLOWED IT AND OZ LIKE FRENZ OR THE FLOWERED-UP AND MYSTIC GANDALF'S GARDEN WERE ALL GONE BY 1973, AS WERE THE SERIOUS AND POLITICALLY-MINDED INK AND UNDERGROUND FILM MAGAZINE CINEMA RISING. EVEN HARDCORE ANARCHIST ENDEAVOURS LIKE BLACK DWARF, WHICH ONCE PUBLISHED A DETAILED PLAN OF SCOTLAND YARD, HAD VANISHED. THE MIND-BENDING COMIC-BOOKS LIKE ROBERT CRUMB'S EXCELLENT ZAP, THAT HAD GROWN IN PARALLEL WITH THE AMERICAN UNDERGROUND PRESS AND RIGHTLY DESERVE A WHOLE ARTICLE ALL OF THEIR OWN, HAD MOSTLY CEASED PUBLISHING BY THE MID-SEVENTIES AS THE ALTERNATIVE CULTURE THAT SPAWNED THEM ROLLED OVER AND DIED ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.







While associates of The Who's Pete Townsend founded short-lived but impressive semi-underground mag Street Life in the middle seventies, and the playwright and poet Heathcote Williams put out creditable runs of his animal rights magazine The Beast and weirdo journal The Fanatic, the great psychedelic circus of the 1960s was new well and truly over. Veterans of IT and OZ like Charles Shaar Murray and Mick Farren would migrate to music papers like the old, credible 1975 N.M.E., where they would oversee the birth of the punk movement a year later. Punk brought with it its own version of the underground in an eruption of subversive fanzines that included John Holmstrom's Punk magazine, launched in the January of 1976, and Mark Perry's majestic Sniffin' Glue published in the U.K. some six months later. (The notorious illustration of guitar chords labelled 'This is a chord, this is another, now form a band', often attributed to Sniffin' Glue, was actually from the punk fanzine Sideburns. Just so everybody's clear on that.)

Since then, while there have been thousands of small-circulation undergrounds and fanzines published in the 'eighties and the 'nineties, and while fuck-and-be-damned underground ideals are still upheld in lonely besieged outposts like Manchester's marvellous Savoy Books, there's been nothing that resembles a coherent movement, which is a great shame. The underground press left a legacy of tolerant, progressive ideas that have much enriched society. The first place anybody in the 1960s heard about black power, gay rights or women's liberation was within the pages of the undergrounds, and publications like Gay News or key feminist magazine Spare Rib would probably not have existed without their more freaky forerunners to serve as inspiration. You could say the same for Fortean Times or VIZ.

In the draughty, boarded-storefront landscape of the present day, when the most wild and radical 'sixties complaints regarding the environment, the government or the police have become commonplace mainstream public opinion, when we're monitored to an extent that makes George Orwell seem an optimist and when the media serve up only regurgitated tinsel shit and naked propaganda, we would seem particularly needful of the colour, sexiness and energy the undergrounds once offered. With regular society and culture clearly coughing blood, a counter-culture or alternative society might be things we could use right about now.

So, that's why we've conspired to bring you Dodgem Logic: old-school underground illegibility toolled up for a new century, with all the local news, reviews and muck-raking tucked in a handy eight-page pull-out at the centre so that other areas can produce a regional edition, substituting their own insert. If you're interested, contact our illustrious publisher, [tony@knockabout.com](mailto:tony@knockabout.com), and we'll see what we can arrange. There isn't any reason why we shouldn't have our information served up in a form that's funny and intelligent and beautiful. Forget the credit crunch. This is whatever time we say it is.

Meanwhile, it seems that we wait forty years without a decent underground mag, only for two to turn up at once: at the time of this writing, it appears the erstwhile publishers of IT, Britain's first underground, are planning to re-launch the title by around the year's end so that a new generation can fall helplessly in love with Theda Bara's eyes.

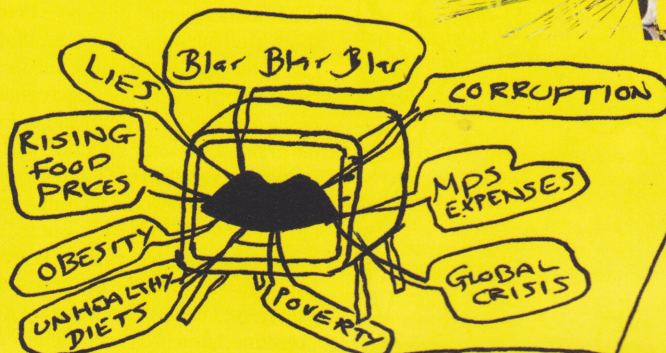
Come on. Get with the scene. Don't bring us down. This winter of our discontent can be a happening if we let it. To quote from Stewart Brand's Whole Earth Catalogue, "Stay hungry. Stay foolish."





# THE BIRTH OF URBAN GUERRILLA GARDENING

By Claire Ashby



ADVERTS SELLING SHITE

50P A PACKET

CREDIT CRUNCHES

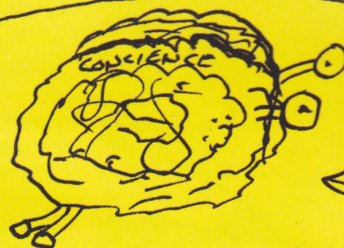
COLD SNAPS

WORTHLESS ORIGINALS

Seriously naffed off human



BECOME OBLIVIOUS TO SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES



USE YOUR BRAIN.

ASK YOURSELF.

WHY IS IT THAT OUR TOWNS AND CITIES AND COUNCIL ESTATES ARE FULL WITH SO MUCH UNUSED LAND? LEFT NEGLECTED AND UNKEMPT BY THE COUNCIL THIS LAND IS KEPT TIDY

IT'S NOT ROCKET SCIENCE. GROW YOUR OWN!

First Start BY SURVEYING YOUR LAND.

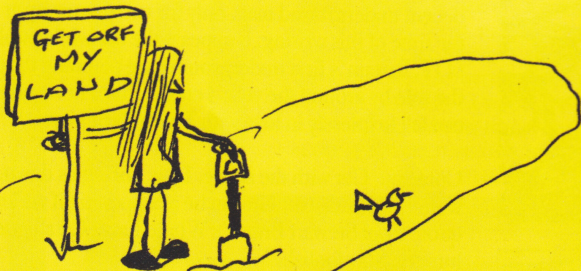


BY BEING SPRAYED BY WEEDKILLER OR PLANTED WITH VILE FAST GROWING SHRUBS. AND WE PAY FOR THIS.

STEP 2 ARM YOURSELF



3 TAKE A DEEP BREATH YOU ARE NOW READY TO BECOME AN URBAN GUERRILLA GARDENER AND RECLAIM THE LAND.

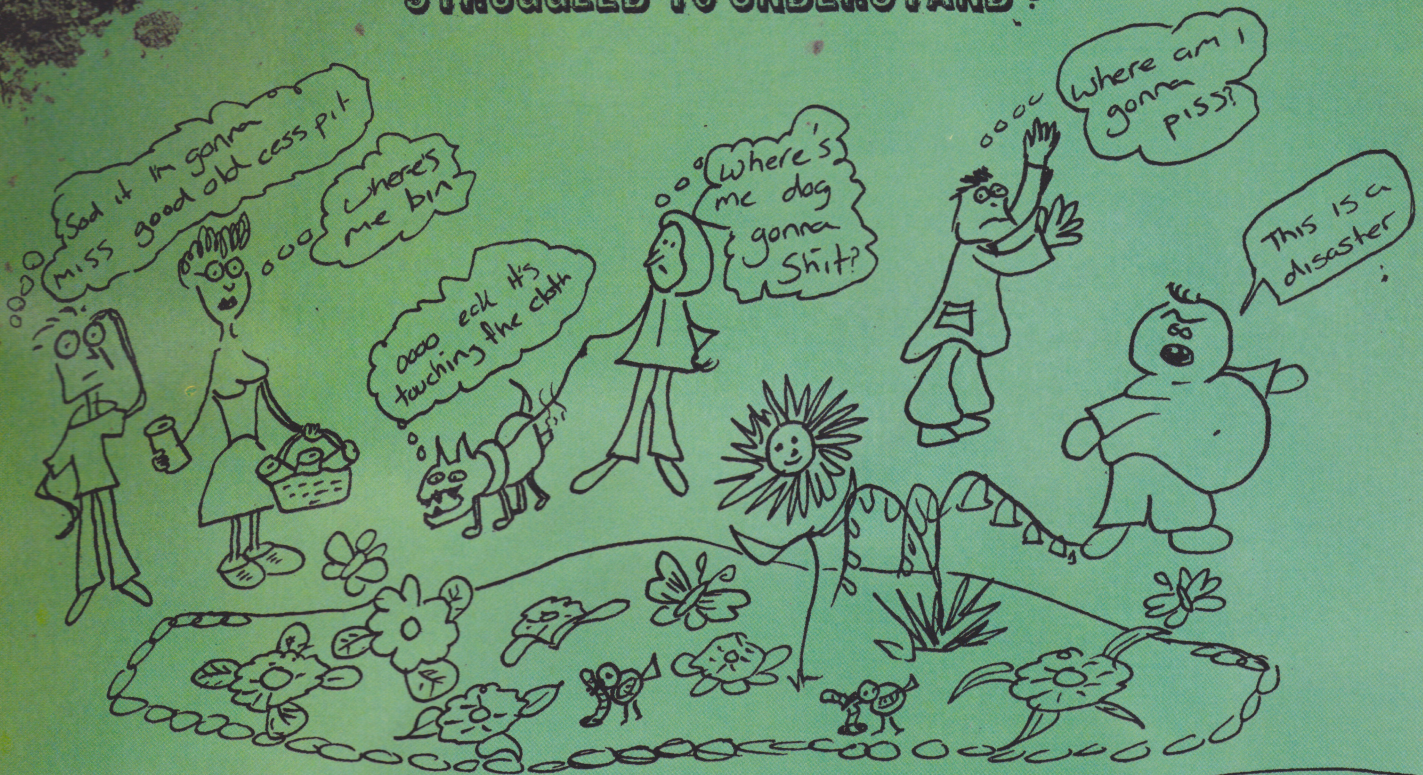


## WARNING

IT'S NOT EASY! THE AUTHORITIES DO NOT APPROVE! HAPPY, HEALTHY TENANTS SCARE THEM. IMPROVING THE ENVIRONMENT IS ALIEN TO THEM. THEY WILL TRY TO DESTROY YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS.....



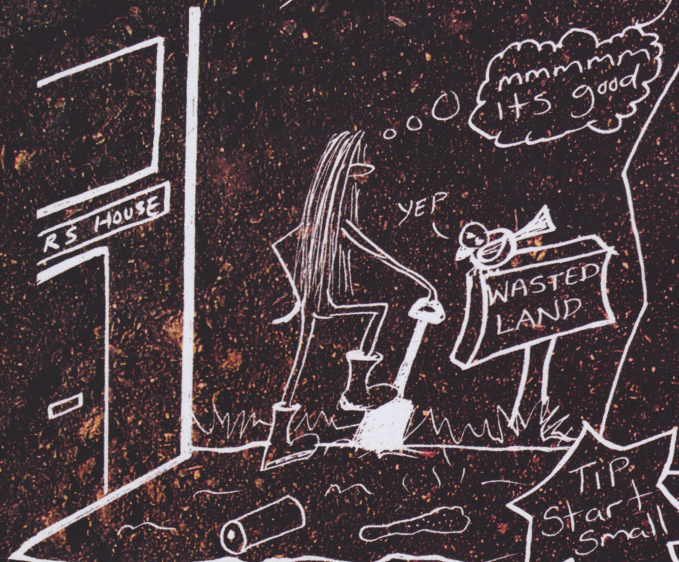
# THE NEXT DAY, DAZED AND PUZZLED RESIDENTS STRUGGLED TO UNDERSTAND!





# THE URBAN GUERRILLA GARDENER'S GUIDE TO STARTING THE PLOT

Choose your land wisely



Speak to your neighbours

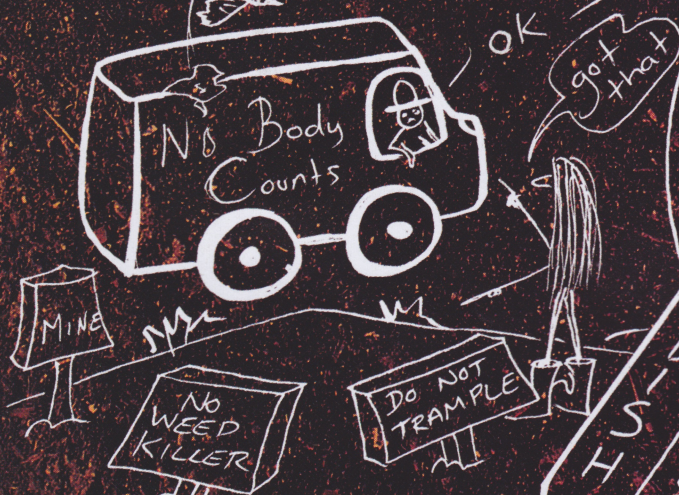


Plan ahead buy your kit

List of basic tools



SPEAK to the enemy



MAKE A PLAN, THEN YOU CAN START TO PREPARE YOUR LAND



Make it clear that it is now your land!



# PREPARING YOUR LAND DO'S AND DONT'S

DONT BE CARELESS WHEN  
DIGGING UP UNLOVED AND NEGLECTED  
LAND. BE AWARE OF HAZARDS

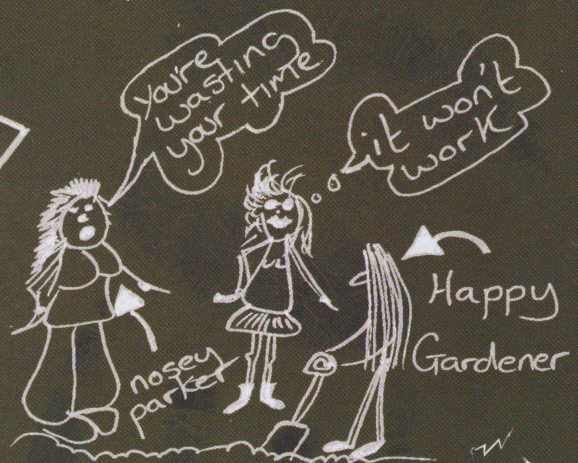
This is  
not easy  
but is so  
worth it



Do!  
Always dig down slowly, and remove the  
top layer of soil completely. ↓ 2-4 inches.



DONT BE PUT OFF BY  
NEGATIVE COMMENTS. JUST  
BLANK THEM.



Put Plant waste etc underneath hedges it will rot







The *IT Crowd*, *Black Books* and *Father Ted*'s **Graham Linehan** asks the burning question of the day.

Paul McCartney and John Lennon met at a fete in St. Peter's Church Hall in Woolton, 6th of July, 1957. If I had any kind of self-discipline, I would have started researching the occasion several days ago, so as to arrive at your door with armfuls of research presented in the form of novelistic detail. You know the kind of thing... what McCartney smoked, the smell of the hair gel Lennon used for his quiff...the stuff that really sells it. If I wasn't such a lazy idiot, who recently discovered a game called 'Plants vs Zombies', I'd be all over that shit. But discover that game I did, and you will be delighted to know that I have nearly finished it.

No, of that momentous occasion, I know of only two things, both of them gleaned from Wikipedia.

1. The meeting was brief.
2. Despite this, Lennon was sufficiently impressed to ask McCartney to join the band.

Pretty fortuitous occasion for all of us, right? I mean, what are the chances? One of the Greatest Musical Geniuses of Our Time is sitting outside a church hall when Another One wanders up and starts talking to him. Sure, their locational and generational proximity played a part, but these too were simply lucky chances. If McCartney had been born one county away, for example, the meeting might never have happened, and we would be living in a completely different world. But if you enjoy playing the 'what if' game, better get a few last rounds in now because soon it won't be possible. Thanks to the internet, the world has shrunk to the size of that Church Hall fete, and if a present-day John Lennon wanted to meet a present day Paul McCartney, all he would have to do is open a Twitter account, and once again, one would eventually just wander up to him.

Depressing, eh? All those great stories reduced to "They met on Twitter". Well, maybe it's bad news for the writers of rock biographies, but it's amazing news for the rest of us. Because if you look at The Beatles as a momentous stage in our development as a species...as anyone who has read Ian McDonald's 'The People's Music' might... our current degree of connectivity means that there is a chance that we might now begin evolving at an exponential rate. Because if the world can undergo such a radical change because two teenagers who liked skiffle met each other, what kind of change can we expect when a meeting takes place between two scientists of equivalent gifts?



Now, there are other species of human who long to get together, and it is in our interests that they do not. I'm thinking here of people like Armin Meiwes, the German Cannibal who famously went fishing on the internet and caught someone as disturbed as he was (apparently there were two victims, but the first guy started wriggling so he threw him back). For a long time, the internet has been a perfect stalking ground for people like Meiwes... a big empty room, pitch black, where you can shout your perversion to the rafters and only the perfect person will hear you. The Myra to your Ian, if you will. If the Internet is a kind of magic, up until now, it's been a sort of Aleister Crowley magic, and one of which many people are understandably distrustful. Pornography, hate speech.... one look at the comments section of a YouTube video is enough to make even the breeziest humanist need to sit down and think things through again.

But Twitter is a kind of Internet within the Internet. Anonymity isn't such a factor on Twitter, as persons tend to use their real identities.

So it's automatically a nicer internet, where you only receive links from people you trust, and if anyone starts ruminating about their desire to eat a hand sandwich, everyone turns and gives them a funny look. And once you realise you're safe, you can access the deeper magic it contains--a sort of Penn and Teller magic, not only letting you in on the secret, but telling you how to do the trick. Having trouble with a photoshop effect? Curious on a question of etiquette? Looking for something to do in a strange city? Send out a tweet saying so and within moments someone will reply.

Imagine a Helpdesk where they're always available and they always pick up the phone. A Helpdesk that covers **EVERYTHING** White magic, in other words.

Twitter has brought the six degrees that famously separate us all down to one, at most. In many ways, it could be argued that the entire concept has been rendered meaningless. The only degree of separation that remains is the one between an individual and his internet connection. Once that has eliminated by sitting down and logging on, the entire world is at your fingertips. Even language barriers will soon be a thing of the past as translation services improve. So future Lennon and McCartneys won't even need to be from the same continent!

Of that meeting, I also know two things.

1. It will be brief (140 characters or less)
2. It may change the world.



Illustration By Michael Kupperman





# EAT TO THE BEAT

**Delicious, cost cutting treats  
from our Duchess of the dinner table, Wendy Jarret**



## Lemony Rice Pudding



My favourite twist on this very traditional English pudding, perfect for those cool summer evenings or colder autumn nights! It's filling, cheap and so easy to make rice pudding. Once you make one, you'll be popping one in the oven whenever you have some spare space alongside another dish. It will be obvious to you why I prefer to either cook it in a slow-cooker or the oven! If using an oven, it's ideal to cook alongside a slow-roasted meat-dish. You can just leave the dishes to gently cook and go and do something exciting. I love returning to the lovely lemon smells emitting from the cooker.

### Ingredients

Serves 4

- ¼ cup (4oz) pudding or short grain rice
- 2 ½ (1 ½ pints) cups full-fat milk (semi-skimmed milk can be substituted)
  - 2 (3oz) tablespoons sugar
  - 1 unwaxed lemon - grated rind
- little margarine / butter or 2 tablespoons of single cream

### Method

- Pre-heat oven to 150°C, 300°F, Gas 3.
- Slow cooker (sc) or Oven method
  - Grease the base and sides of an sc ceramic / ovenproof dish and place the rice, milk, sugar and lemon rind in the dish.
  - Stir well and dot with the margarine.
  - Place in the oven for around 2 hours
  - In a slow cooker ~ turn on 'Low' and cook for 3hrs
- Both methods: stir once after the first hour (add cream), then leave to finish (and a skin on top, if liked).

### Alternative stove top method ... YOU MUST STAY STIRRING ALL THE TIME!

- Place rice, grated lemon rind and milk in the saucepan and bring the milk to a simmer, stirring all the time to prevent sticking, clumping or boiling over.
    - Continue to stir until the rice is just tender, about 15 minutes. (test a grain or two).
    - Add the sugar and stir until mixed in well.
    - You can add a couple of tablespoons of single cream now, if you like it creamier!
  - Finally pour into a well greased ovenproof dish and sprinkle on a tiny amount of grated nutmeg and bake for 20 - 30 minutes.
- Serve hot. If liked with a little homemade crabapple and ginger jelly, or similar!





for more info on healthy foods  
and Wendy's recipes, email :  
wendy4news@hotmail.co.uk

Most ingredients can be found  
at Daily Bread, Co-operative,  
Bedford Rd, N'pton. Asda  
also stock Quiona.

# Pumpkin & Quiona Soup

This is great autumnal soup and can be cooked in the traditional soup pot on top of the cooker or my preferred energy-saving way in a Slow-cooker! Where possible use organically grown fresh vegetables... the flavour is significantly tastier and you will save money and time, as you usually only need to give them a good scrub in a bowl with some Fruit & Veg wash!

Quiona (pron. Kinwa) is a grain full of vital nutrients and a real boon to both the vegetarian diet and to boosting the quality of soups, stews, casseroles and the like. It's a South American grain, known also as 'chusiga mama', the mother grain. What makes it so unique is that it is a complete protein (on par with meat or fish). It contains all 8 essential amino acids, is rich in Omega 3, 6 and 9 and many minerals. As it's a seed and not a grain, it is also gluten-free. It has many uses and when cooked becomes soft and almost transparent. Since being introduced to it over 3 years ago by John at my local Daily Bread~ Wholefood Co-Operative, I've continued to buy and use it, especially as a very economical way to add extra protein to my vegetarian dishes.

## Ingredients

Serves 4 - 6

- 2 med onions ~ chopped
- 3 cloves of garlic ~ crushed
- 2 med sticks of celery ~ washed and chopped
- 4 cups (½) organically grown pumpkin / squash ~ washed and chopped small
- 2 organically grown carrots
- ½ cup of red / or organic quiona grains
- 1 ½ ltrs - vegetable or chicken stock or water
- 3 - 5 leaves of fresh sage or 1 tsp. dried sage
- ½ tsp. Smoked Sweet Paprika
- freshly ground black pepper and/ or salt alternative

## Method for using a slow cooker

- Pre-heat the slow cooker on High.
- Place chopped vegetables and quiona into the Slow Cooker and add the stock and dried seasonings. Cover and cook on Low for 4- 5 hours, or on a timer overnight for the same.
- Blend until smooth, add boiling water if you like a less thick soup. Check seasoning and garnish with the coriander and a spoonful of crème fraise if liked. Serve with fresh crusty wholemeal / seeded bread.

## Method for cooking on top of the cooker in a large lidded saucepan.

- Place the onions, garlic and celery in a microwave proof bowl with a tsp of water and cook on high for 5 mins. Put into the saucepan.
- Place the remaining chopped vegetables and quiona into the saucepan and add the stock/ water and dried seasonings
- Cover and cook on medium heat until bubbling, then turn down to lowest heat and cook until all the veg is soft, (20 mins). Remove from heat. Continue as in last step 'for using slow cooker'.

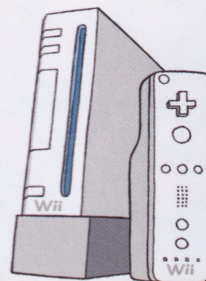
Why not make a bigger batch and freeze some in a plastic container or freezer bag? In the autumn, visit Smith's Farm Shop near Chapel Brampton and try a selection of pumpkins and squash, especially the wonderfully sweet and flavoursome 'Crown Prince'.







**YOUR DAYS  
ARE NUMBERED!**  
Free calendar  
for every reader

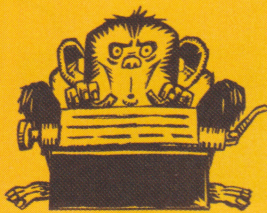


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On Xbox  
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NORTHAMPTON EDITION



## 2012 Olympic stadium actually government- built space ark

Key members of society to escape Mayan-predicted cataclysm



**Quincy Savage**  
London

The Olympic stadium being constructed outside Stratford is, in reality, a 'space-ark' designed to enable top scientists, high ranking members of government and important celebrities to escape the upcoming planetary apocalypse – that's according to a shock theory taking the internet by storm.

Blogger Fred Wolfman has been monitoring the construction site from his Hackney Wick flat: "I've been watching it from my window: a vast shape taking shape on the horizon, emerging above the rooftops as it grows, fed by a pack of towering cranes. Shimmering in

the haze, tiny figures can be seen moving about its surface."

As is widely known, the ancient Mayan civilisation and contemporary film-maker Roland Emmerich predict some sort of non-specific but visually impressive global apocalypse occurring on December 21st, 2012. Or possibly the 23rd.

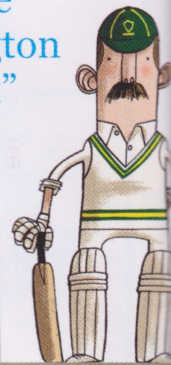
The government claim they do not take these warnings seriously. But many people are asking: can it *really* be a coincidence that this massive engineering project is being undertaken with a completion date of summer 2012?

**"Tiny figures can be seen  
moving about its surface"**

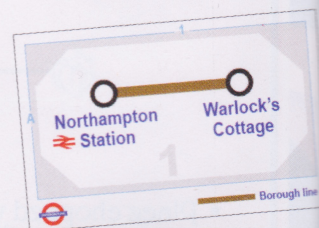
As Wolfman puts it: "Today I'm looking out on a seemingly innocent construction site. But soon we could be witnessing scenes of mass pandemonium; waves of humanity surging towards the ship, our dying planet shuddering beneath their feet as they clamour to be let on, heavily armed guards forcing them back while last-minute giraffes are helicoptered in before launch."

Although not everyone is convinced by this theory, many are asking which is more likely: that our government is secretly building a gigantic spaceship to escape a planet-killer predicted by an ancient civilisation, or that a British construction project is proceeding on time and within budget? ■

Cricket body admit  
rules made up as  
they go along  
"Just like  
Mornington  
Crescent"  
Sport



Northampton tube  
opens for business  
"A new transport  
system to rival that  
of London"  
Travel



Scarf ace  
"I really  
like this  
scarf!"  
Inside Al  
Pacino's  
wardrobe  
Fashion









# STITCH THIS!

or old nick and his legion of pointy demons will make work for your idle paws...

There may be holes in your Converse and last year's Primark sale jacket may be heading into dangerously threadbare territory but all you need to bring yourself back up to Beau Brummell standard is a bit of misdirection (or accessorising as we ladies call it!). Dodgem Logic's head of frippery Tamsyn Payne, introduces us to the gentle art of recycled buttonhole making, perfect for all your dandying and fopping about.

**Strap in - it's about to get crafty...**

## You will need

- \*One charity-shop fresh gentleman's necktie  
(make sure you don't get fleeced most charity shops not yet 'improved' by Mary Portas flog theirs for 50p-£1).
- \*Needle, thread & sharp scissors
- \*Safety pin, hair clip or other attaching device of your choosing.

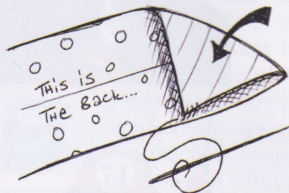
**1.** Choose your tie, it doesn't matter how fat it is (a kipper tie will just give you a much bigger buttonhole!). 1970s brocade ties work very nicely and smaller patterns, dots and paisley work particularly well.

**2.** Give it a wipe... check said tie for blood, sweat, egg and gravy. If it needs it, give it a gentle hand-wash now, it will be a pain to have to do it later.

**3.** Chop it up... into three equal chunks (one tie will give you enough material to make three buttonholes). Use the narrow pointy end for your first go as it's the least unwieldy.

**4.** Thread your needle, the thread needs to be nice and strong so double it up. You don't need masses of the stuff or you'll just end up in self-imposed knotty bondage, 60cm folded in half is about right.

**5.** Start folding your tie - essentially you are folding and turning the fabric as you go and putting the occasional stitch in to hold it down. Be prepared to undo it and try again if it looks a bit squiffy, there's an art to making it look good. Take the cut end of the tie and fold the corner down at 45 degrees. Make your first stitch on this corner and go over the same spot with a couple more stitches so it's nice and solid.

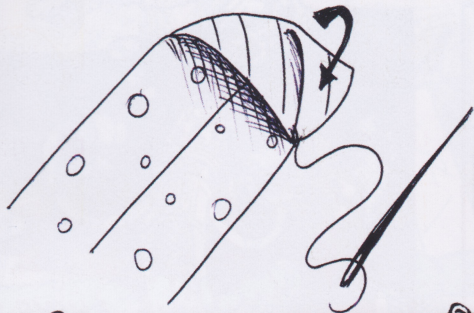


**Delight and arouse your friends with a thing you whittled with your own fair hands!**



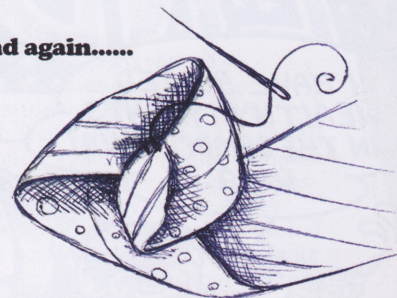


**6.** Next sew point B over to point A and make another stitch or two (don't worry if this bit looks a bit shoddy it will all be hidden inside...)

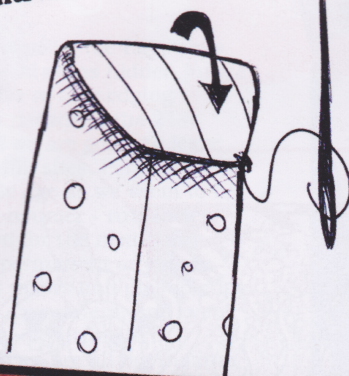


Perfect for revealing your true id on incognito assignments!

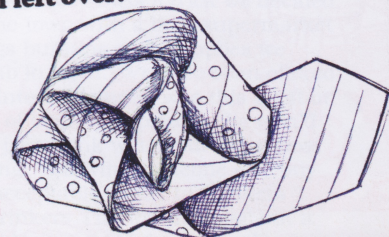
**8 c.** And again.....



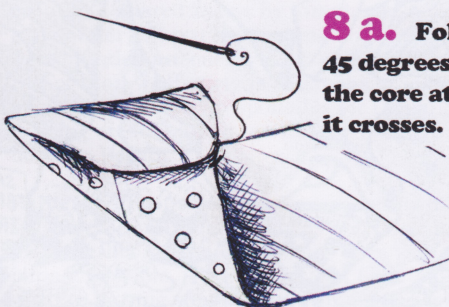
**7.** Roll the whole centre bit over once more and stitch it again - so now you should have a nice tight core for your buttonhole.



**8 d.** Keep going like this until after about seven turns you will have just a short tail left over.

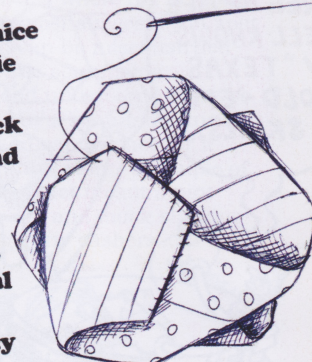


**8.** So now you can start making the rosette - the thing you don't want to end up with is just a rolled up bit of cloth, so experiment with twisting and folding the fabric as you go. This is just one way of doing it...

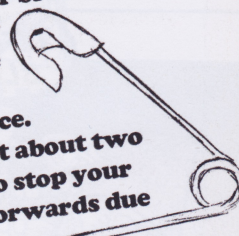


**8 a.** Fold the tie down at 45 degrees and stitch it to the core at the point where it crosses.

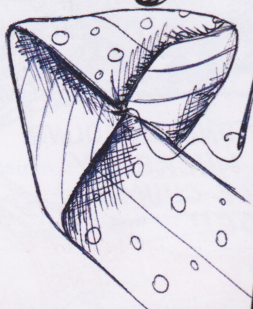
**8 e.** Fold the nice neat end of the tie over into the centre of the back of the rosette and stitch it down neatly all round the edge. This should deal with any raw edges and messy stitches... Knot off the end of the thread securely.



**9.** Next get you pin or brooch back or whatever other pointy attaching device you intend to use and stitch it securely in place. You'll want to attach it about two thirds of the way up to stop your buttonhole flopping forwards due to annoying gravity.



**8 b.** Turn it again at 45 degrees and stitch it again, it should start flattening out about now to make a nice rosette that will sit flat on a jacket.



**10.** Tadaa! Attach to smoking jacket, tuxedo, lounge suit etc. and proceed in a foppish manner.



Looking Purdy: Mallai Simpson  
On the Camera: Joe Brown  
Scrawling & Burbbling: Tamsyn Payne



# The END of the LINE

with "EYES" O'GRAPH!

I HAVE BESTED WEALTHY TYRANTS IN THE SEMPITERNAL RING...

MR. CHUNKY FORTESCUE

I HAVE SAMPLED SAVAGE SHERBERT OUT OF NEED TO "DO MY THING"...

THE MYSTIC TREE OF LIFE WELL KNOWS MY "TEXAS HOLD-EM" SKILLS...

וְיָצְאָה

...AND O'ER MAGELLANIC STRAITS OF QUIM I'VE SEARCHED FOR BRINY THRILLS...

SO TAKE ME, WHEN LIFE'S DONE AND MY SHELLAC-BLACK BLOOD'S LONG DRIED...

THE POLISHED TURD

BRINOSAURUS

COWBOY AMT

SAMMY "BIG TOE" JACKSON

GLASS HITLER

WAR BOY

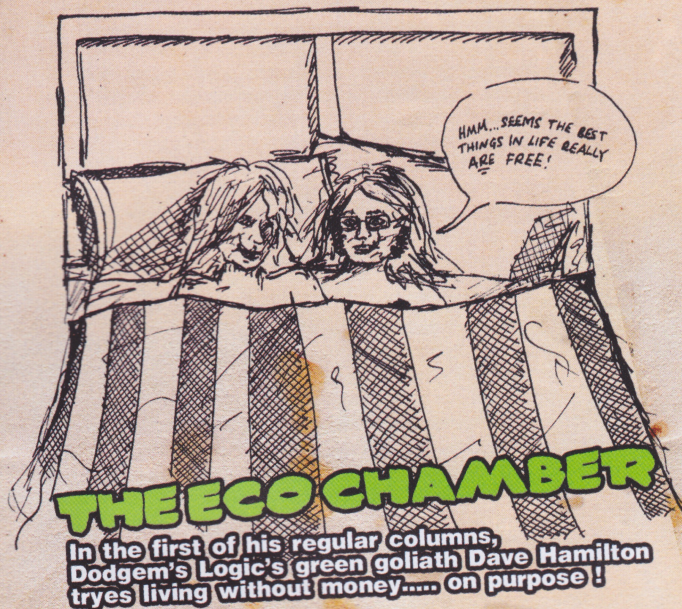
THE RADIO OF EVIL

...TO THAT UNDERGROUND VALHALLA WHERE MY ERSTWHILE CHUMS ABIDE!!

ASTRO DICK

*Edmund*





The Greeks left us the Acropolis, the Egyptians the Pyramids at Giza and the Mayans hidden jungle cities such as Chitzen Itza. We're now edging towards the close of the first decade of the 21st Century and it looks as if all we are going to leave for our descendants are landfill sites. Perhaps we'll be known as the great Plastic Age as we seem to be an ever more increasingly consumer - run society. Built on a magpie - like greed for the next shiny item, nothing is considered permanent any more. Now we throw away not just razors and plastic cups but clothes, furniture, tents, computers, and even cars. There is no simpler way of putting it, capitalism creates waste and we are all buying into it.

I've always been a frugal person: indeed, my living is now made teaching people to be more frugal by growing or foraging their own food and conserving their energy use. Despite this before I met my girlfriend, Ellie, I didn't realise that I too was one of the wasteful people. We came together through similar passions, having met on my allotment. Our first week together we spent our time furnishing her room in a shared house by jumping into skips. Now, a year later, if I put the heating on during a cold day I get branded an 'energy user' and if I throw away rather than wash dirty plastic bags or spent kitchen sponges I am solely responsible for the landfill that is being created just a ten minute cycle from our home in Bristol.

Rather than consider her draconian it is one of the reasons I fell for her. We keep each other in check and together we try and live our lives with the lowest impact possible. Having said that I am looking forward to moving somewhere with a wood burner this winter so I can burn cardboard and wooden waste and sit in luxurious guilt free warmth.

Early this summer we had one of those nasty cortisol fuelled, fear enhancing moments where so many bills came at once there was no way we could possibly afford them. I joked that the only way we could pay them all is if we completely stopped spending.

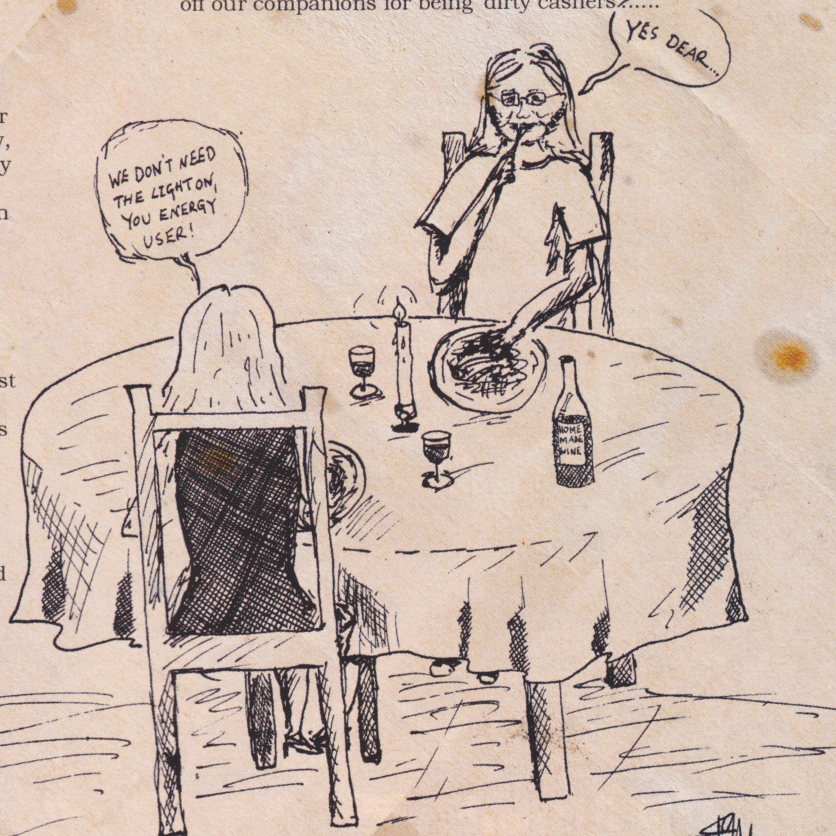
'Well why don't we stop spending?' came Ellie's reply.

The idea rang around in my head and really struck a chord, so overnight we did just that. Bar the bills the rent and all but essential travel we stopped spending altogether.

It wasn't really that hard to begin with. We harvested food from the allotment, the hedgerow, and our local Asian supermarket seemed to be throwing out enough food daily to feed three or four football teams. So much was coming into the house we felt like all we did with our time was to process food and eat. For the general day to day, Ellie worked in a cafe so she could have lunch at work. I work from home but occasionally have to go out for meetings in cafes and pub, but rather than spend I would just eat before I went out and drink water while I was there.

## “Capitalism creates waste and we are all buying into it,”

We're both sociable creatures and a couple of weeks into not spending we were invited out to the pub by some friends. Not wanting to miss a trick we decided to mix a night on the town with a little supermarket skip diving. Our bags bursting with supplies we arrived at a cider pub in town. We were soon offered a drink sending us into a dilemma, was this a gift or was this just a case of buying by proxy? We would have been happy to just drink water but felt almost pressured into buying, or having someone else buy us something. It's acceptable to say to smokers 'I don't smoke' or to drinkers 'I'm not drinking' but it is not very often you hear 'sorry I don't spend money'. In some situations you're urged to spend whether you like it or not; birthday whip-rounds at work, rounds in pubs and meals where the person who has inevitably eaten the most suggests you split the bill! Being self-contained can be misconstrued as being tight fisted or worse as scrounging. Thankfully our generous friend understood what we were doing and rather than buy a round in return we traded fresh croissants and sandwiches for a pint each of strong West Country cider. A couple of weeks of a teetotal, near vegan diet meant a pint had us both falling off our seats and mock slagging off our companions for being 'dirty cashers'.....

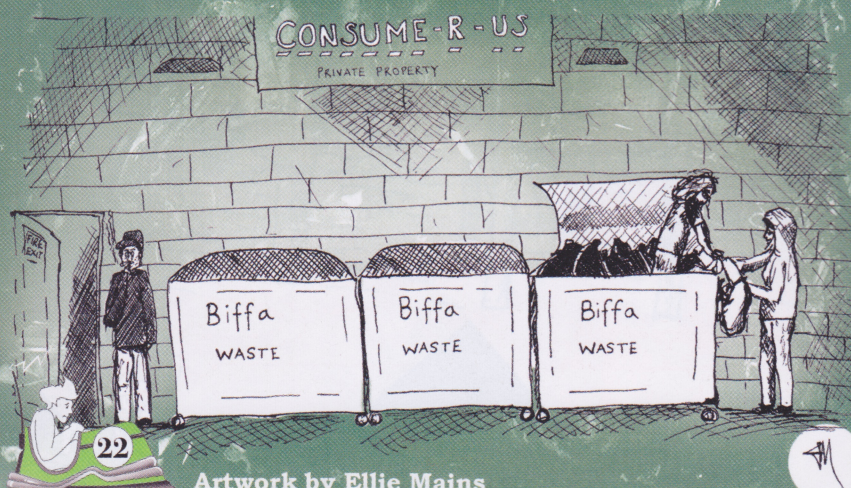






Most people will have some odd stuff at the back of their cupboards but as soon as you stop spending it jumps to the front and shouts 'remember me!' So it wasn't long before we found that our food was getting stranger and stranger the further back into the store cupboard we went. One day after a breakfast of plum, sorghum, quinoa and molasses porridge we packed our bags with even stranger food and left for my prospective college's open day in Devon.

On arrival I found a jar of pickled ash keys (spiced pickled seeds of the ash tree) had exploded in my bag ruining the days food. Luckily the college provided a free lunch and somewhat cheekily I called Ellie up who cycled over from town to join me. Later that day we began to get hungry. Really hungry. We foraged blackberries and leaves but this was just like throwing rocks in the grand canyon. The country air had made us ravenous. We rifled through skips in earnest but after looking in vain around the back of all the supermarkets and local shops in town we decided our best bet was to get back on the train. We devoured a pickle damaged half loaf of bread and an amused but helpful man in the buffet car filled up our cups of foraged lemon balm leaves with hot water. The mixture of bread and soporific herbs made us feel full and sleepy and put off the hunger pangs until we got back home for a free feast.



Artwork by Ellie Mains

In the spring I'd been in touch with a promoter and arranged two free tickets to a Dorset festival in exchange for taking people out on wild food walks. There was no way I wanted to turn this down as a couple of my favourite bands were playing, but with the average spend at a festival in now unbelievably over £600 we knew this was going to be quite a challenge. We arranged a lift down with a pair of very affable TV music producers, so travel and ticket were covered but we still had three days to get through. We had a lot of our food with us and some weird dusty back-of-the-cupboard booze. I had my storm kettle to cook on which attracted the attention of a festival geek, spotting it from across the field and ran over in an affected 'kooky' manner. 'wow, what's that, is it a milk churn, is it a .....' I cut him off mid flow, 'It's a storm kettle, it boils water quickly with very little fuel' 'oh, well, yeah, I just thought it looked weird, I know you've told me what it is but it looks weird, I mean is it a puzzle, a jug within a jug?' 'Are you a dickhead within a wanker??' I felt like replying but bit my tongue, grinning to myself.

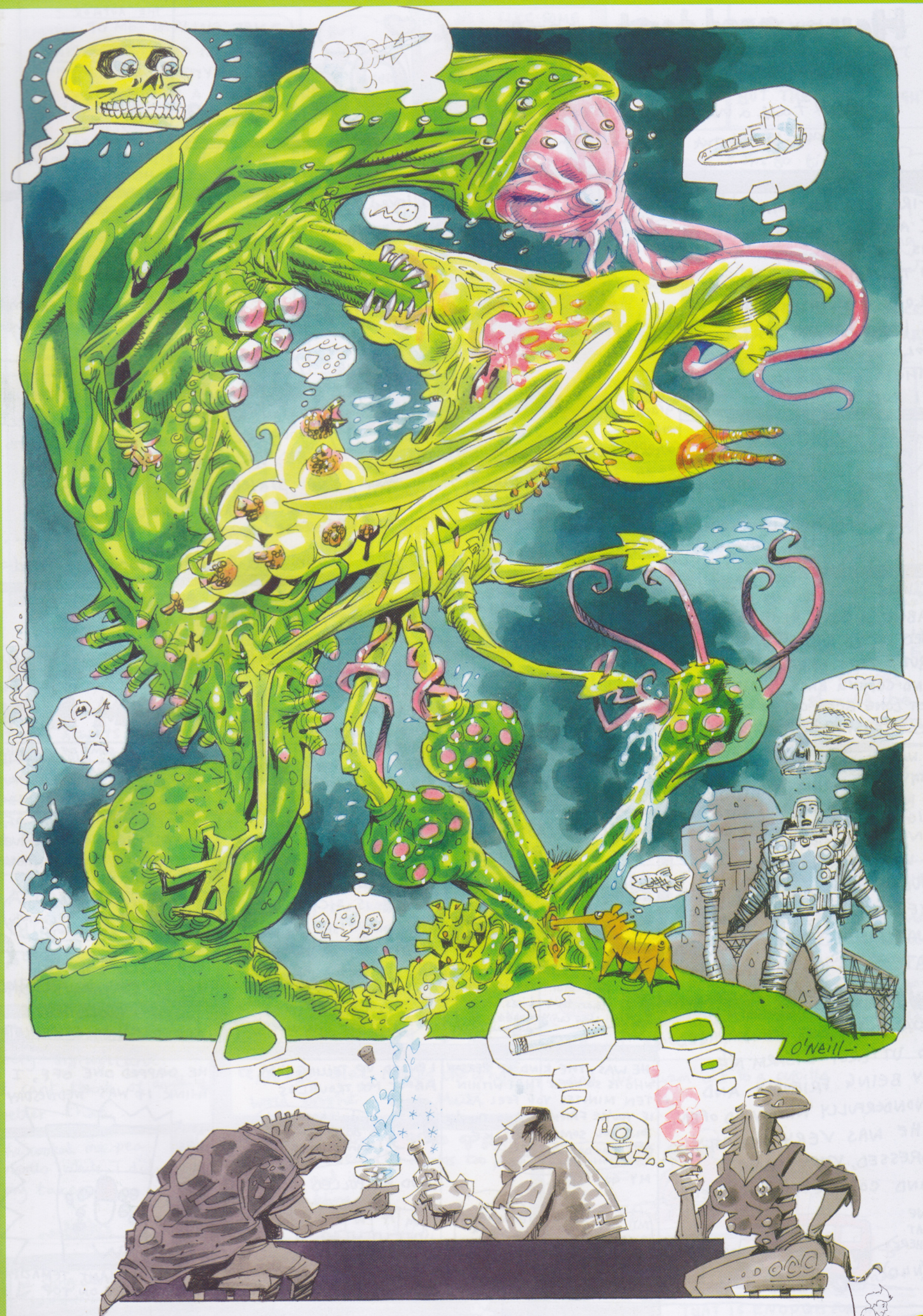
Sunday lunch came and we felt rather smug, we'd done it! We'd actually had a completely free festival! We tucked into the last of our food along with foraged mushrooms and coastal greens and packed our bags to leave.

Arriving at the camp of the affable producers we found our lift was now to leave in the morning rather than in five minutes! SHIT, SHIT, SHITTY, SHIT! We have nothing to eat, we both thought to ourselves. The rain started to pour and we sat down to gather our thoughts assuring our hosts that leaving tomorrow was no problem at all. We were hungover, sleep deprived, tired, hungry and now a little demoralised and both decided this was time to call an end to the cashless experiment, we had to eat! We joined the enormous queue outside a tent selling pizza and fantasized about all the food we were going to eat. After around half an hour the queue hardly seemed to budge at all and we thought we would actually be better off seeing what people had thrown away as they'd left, rather than buying something. Within moments we found a loaf of bread, some biscuits, a tub of margarine and tucked into foraged rock samphire and sorrel sandwiches. So we managed to last the whole weekend without cracking and spending so much as a penny!

**“Now we throw away not just razors and plastic cups but clothes, furniture, tents, computers, and even cars.”**

Our cashless existence all in all lasted around six weeks, the only two occasions we went hungry were in Devon and Dorset but even then it wasn't for long and we found a way round it. We discovered the food growing around us, along with food being thrown away was more than enough to live off. I actually put on more than half a stone in weight! It is estimated that the UK as a nation throws away a staggering 7 million slices of bread a day, most of it fresh. So it may not surprise you that Ellie and me still no longer pay for bread. It's not only food we get for free, we recently attended a clothes swap and both of us now have a number of new outfits and we have a house equipped with perfectly good furniture and electrical appliances people were throwing away. There was definitely a sense of the two of us against the world, during our own personal war on waste, and we have a stronger relationship as a result. In the midst of all this we managed to find time for real romance. We rustled up a three course meal of the finest food the upmarket supermarket bins could offer, washed down with home-brew elderflower wine around a bouquet of binned roses lit by thrown away candles. Six weeks of cashless living made us realise that perhaps the best things in life really are free.







Hello, good day to you!

My name is Josie Long.  
I am 27 and a half years old  
and this is about what I know about

Love.

THE AUTHOR =



AN UNREALISTIC  
DEPICTION OF MY  
HEAD & FACE.

FIRST THINGS FIRST.  
I AM IN LOVE AND IT  
IS MARVELLOUS!  
I THINK I HAVE BEEN IN  
LOVE ONE OTHER TIME.  
HOWEVER, I'M SORRY, I'VE  
TOLD PEOPLE I LOVED  
THEM WHEN I DON'T THINK  
I DID.

It's like we're made  
for each other!

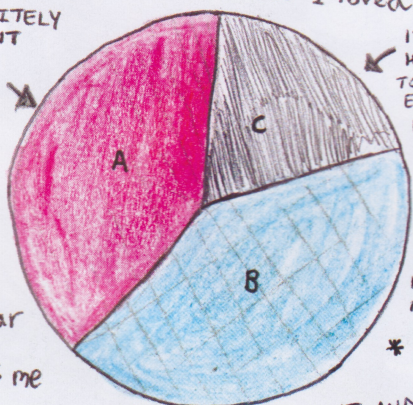
It's so romantic!  
We're from the  
same town, we do  
the same things  
he likes the same  
stuff as me

Boys I have told that I loved \*

DEFINITELY  
MEANT  
IT

(AWE-  
SOME)

\* the  
grammar  
here  
escapes me



IT'S  
HARD  
TO  
EXPLAIN,  
I MEAN,  
I SORT  
OF DID  
BUT  
THEN  
HE  
KILLED  
IT!

DIDN'T MEAN IT AND  
I BLOODY KNEW IT!

\*\* I like making graphs about  
my personal life. If anyone's  
interested, I've also made a  
matrix comparing height of  
boyfriend and length of relationship  
and whether or not I loved them  
but it's pretty inconclusive.

I THINK WHEN YOU HAVE  
ARTISTIC OR LITERARY PRETENSION  
YOU WANT THE STORY YOU TELL  
YOURSELF ABOUT YOUR LIFE TO  
BE AS GOOD AS POSSIBLE.  
I'VE STAYED IN RELATIONSHIPS FOR  
MONTHS \* BECAUSE WE'D GOT A GOOD  
GET TOGETHER STORY. OR BECAUSE...

This is a story about one lesson I've (slowly) bloody learned =

I WAS UMMING AND WORRYING  
ABOUT A BOY I REALLY LIKED.  
WE'D DATED, AND EVEN KISSED A BIT  
BUT I KEPT BREAKING IT OFF  
AND COMING BACK AGAIN. I'D  
NOT LONG BEEN OUT OF A BAD  
RELATIONSHIP AND I WAS SCARED

INTERUPTION

I WASN'T BEHAVING AT MY BEST.  
ANYHOW. DURING THAT TIME  
I WENT ON A FRIEND'S LATE  
NIGHT STUDENT RADIO SHOW  
ON THE NIGHTBUS HOME  
I WAS BEING VERY  
JUDGEMENTAL ABOUT A MAN  
NEXT TO ME, WHO WAS  
WATCHING THE KATHERINE  
TATE SHOW ON A LAP-TOP

WITHOUT HEADPHONES

(EXACTLY). BUT HE MANAGED  
TO UTTERLY DISARM ME,  
BY BEING FRIENDLY AND  
WONDERFULLY KIND AND OPEN.  
HE WAS VERY SMARTLY  
DRESSED, VERY CAMP,  
AND COMPLETELY WASTED..

WE  
SAT  
HERE  
(N40)



Now I'm sorry to  
interrupt myself  
already here,  
but that should  
have been a sign.  
If you're in a  
relationship, or a  
"thing" or "seeing someone",  
and all you have to say  
about them is along  
the lines of...

NO. I DO. DUMP THEM.  
IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE  
**HAPPY** and **GOOD**  
and **EASY** and **NATURAL**

AND I KNOW, even still,  
some of you will be like

It's more complicated  
than that. Life's hard.  
How can you be so  
dogmatic?

HE WAS THE KIND OF PERSON  
WHO IS SO OPEN THAT WITHIN  
TEN MINUTES YOU FEEL AS  
IF YOU'RE FRIENDS, AND THEY'VE  
TOLD YOU SOMETHING LIKE

MY DAD KILLED  
HIMSELF  
MY GUY SAID...

MY Boyfriend  
dumped me  
I'm  
emigrating to South  
Africa  
tomorrow.

We had an  
argument  
again.  
Why does  
he have  
to do this  
to do this  
to do this  
I don't  
love him  
but...  
she's  
pissed  
off  
now

OR EVEN IF YOU'RE  
JUST ALWAYS FEELING

AT SOME POINT,  
I'M GOING TO  
HAVE TO END THIS.

LOOK. UNLESS...  
You're married  
and your child  
is sick.

Fair play = that is some  
tough shit to go through

OR.. If you  
HAD A BABY 6 WKS  
AGO  
yes - you're frazzled,  
totally understandable

I ENDED UP TELLING HIM  
ABOUT MY TROUBLES

I don't know what  
to do or how I feel  
I can't sleep at  
night.

AND HE PULLED OUT... THIS...

M T W Th F Sa Su

A SET OF PILL BOXES,  
CRAMMED FULL.

**SPLIT  
UP WITH  
THEM NOW**

AND I KNOW SOME OF YOU WILL  
BE ALL: Yeah but you don't  
understand, we do love  
each other, but...

I DON'T MEAN THAT KIND OF  
THING. I'm talking about  
when you're young and free  
and putting up with  
on paul's calling,  
I can't go to the cinema  
anymore  
ETC.

SERIOUSLY. I SPENT  
YEARS DATING ARSEHOLE  
WHEN I COULD HAVE  
BEEN BANGING ATHLETES

HE SNAPPED ONE OFF, I  
THINK IT WAS "WEDNESDAY"

IT  
WAS  
FULL  
OF  
LITTLE  
VALIUMS  
WITH ONE GIANT TEMAZEPAM  
SAT THERE ON TOP

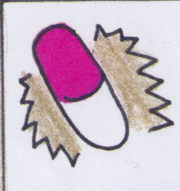
+ FOR "MONTHS" read "YEARS" \*  
\* FOR "YEARS" read "UP TO 3 YEARS"



LISTEN TO ME DARLING, TAKE THIS. I DON'T NEED IT! I'M WITH BUPA, I PRETTY MUCH WRITE 'EM A SHOPPING LIST! THESE'LL SORT 'ER OUT. THE VALIUMS ARE LIKE SWEETIES. BUT THE BIG ONE - TAKE THAT ONE AND YOU'LL FALL INTO A BEAUTIFUL THICK SLEEP FOR 8 HOURS, YOU'LL WAKE UP FEELING REFRESHED, CLEAR HEADED AND READY FOR ANYTHING, YOU MARK MY WORDS!

BUT WON'T YOU NEED THIS?

NAH, COME "WEDNESDAY" I'LL BE LONG GONE LOVE!



THAT NIGHT I GOT HOME AND SLEPT OK. BUT THE NEXT NIGHT:

I'm so tired but I can't sleep! I don't know what to do! I can't keep going on behaving like this.

AND I REMEMBERED THE BUS APOTHECARY'S MESSAGE

I TOOK IT...

EVERYTHING **Fuzzy** AND OFF-KILTER

AND IT FELT GLORIOUS AGAIN

I KNOCKED WATER OVER MY GRADUATION PHOTOS

NO PAIN, I'LL PUT A TOWEL ON THEM

AND THEN IT HIT ME.

I HAD BIG FEELINGS FOR HIM! I HAD TO GIVE IT A GO!

SO I MET UP WITH HIM AND I SAID SOMETHING I THOUGHT WAS MEMORABLE AND COOL...

I'm starting this club. It's called the make out club. It's really exclusive. Do you want to join?

AND HE SAID...

I don't know, I feel like you're going to keep rescinding the membership.

I work.

IT WAS A HAMFISTED LITTLE ROMANTIC GESTURE

**BUT!**

\* my line was actually this cheesy

which is the greatest album ever,

\* his response was actually funnier

EVEN THOUGH THE STORY WAS GREAT, AND SOMETIMES THE RELATIONSHIP WAS TOO, IT WAS ALWAYS HARD, A BIT ANXIOUS, FRAUGHT. BUT THE GOOD STORY I WAS PERPETUATING KEPT ME GOING FOR MONTHS+ AND I'D SAY TO MYSELF "IN SO MANY WAYS IT'S GOOD". BUT!

HERE IS AN EQUATION= 80% RIGHT EQUALS 100% WRONG.

And Bob Dylan, in "You're gonna make me lonesome when you go" (from BLOOD ON THE TRACKS)

Says -

I've been shaking in the dark too long, when something's not RIGHT, it's WRONG

AND THAT'S IT! IT SOUNDS FACILE ALMOST, BUT when something's right it is; not it should be, or is supposed to be, or will be once blah blah. It just is right and good. And often not a very interesting story.

A LOT OF THE TIME THINGS WITH MY BOYFRIEND MAKE PRETTY BORING ANECDOTES

When I met him, it was like suddenly the world was coloured-in and lit up again. Things seemed full of romance and intrigue...

who owned the street-saxa?

delicious simple pleasure

look, so beautiful

who's Jackie?

Jackie

"An eye that makes the whole world bright" Edwin Muir.

The mundane becomes fantastic. What should be a big loss feels like a win! Like

IS THIS THING ON? TAPTAP JEEZ, TOUGH ROOM.

FOR A MACARON

Once, on holiday, we were trying to work out what to eat and it got so late we didn't eat all day except

That day we went swimming on a little beach. The only other people there were old French couples.

The very small feels very significant. I can't think of anything better than...

he cooked me pea risotto while I did my taxes.

he sang along to "SUNSHINE ON LEITH" at me

Lying next to him, a glass of fizzy water by the bed (he drinks too much fizzy water and it worries me). Watching each individual bubble jump out and going

ooh! wahayy!

like at a fireworks display.

And we swam out to a grotto

And I took a mental picture & I thought we are very unimportant and we love each other. THAT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.





## IF ARMSTRONG WAS INTERESTING

BY STEVE ATLETT

If Armstrong was interesting he'd take the initiative on stepdown. He'd emerge from the moon capsule wearing Mickey Mouse ears. He'd confess to a major felony. He'd land lightly and trill 'Not bad for a girl.' He'd shout 'Jeez Louise I could use a bacon sandwich' or 'Praise be to Satan' or 'More land to pillage and despoil' or 'This is nowhere' or 'Lock up your daughters' or 'Who farted?' or 'I've never been so bored' or 'I've never been so hard' or 'Looky here - a million strawberries' or 'Kill the white man' or 'I was brought here against my will' or 'I can't live a lie anymore - I'm gay.'

If Armstrong was interesting he'd phonetically blur his assigned lines - 'That's one small pecker, man - one tired leaker, and mine.' He'd slam from the capsule roaring drunk. He'd skip across the sands like a fairy. He'd pretend to meet aliens and narrate false thrills amid non-existent domes of tessellated gold. He'd plant the Chilean flag. He'd wheely and wreck that crappy car. He'd claim the whole thing was a movie set. He'd speak in seamless, unadmittable profanity. He'd laugh without interruption. He'd rant bitterly against his mother. He'd scream at a pitch which blew the headphones off NASA control. He'd say everything in a thick French accent. He'd yell that his facemask was filling with snot and abruptly terminate transmission. He'd moan 'Even here there's pigeons.' He'd ask 'If I'm the first man to walk here, who set up the camera to film it?' He'd pretend transmission was breaking into enigmatic fragments. He'd say 'demonic' and 'pants' and 'fantastic' and 'farewell'. He'd neigh and say 'Woah, there.' He'd childishly mimic everything Houston said. He'd curse the Earth and claim the moon's supremacy. He'd moon and decompress, exploding.

If Armstrong was interesting he'd emerge from the capsule riding Buzz Aldrin piggyback with a horsewhip. He'd ruthlessly probe Buzz's sexuality. He'd slap a squid over Buzz's visor, blinding him. He'd get him in an awkward headlock.





He'd try repeatedly to run him down with the buggy, mouthing laughter in the vacuum. He'd snap a thousand contrary orders, dancing sarcastically to his own contradictions. He'd ask once every minute on the return trip 'Are we there yet?' He'd emerge from the space toilet sweating, pupils constricted, and threaten the co-pilots with a blender. He'd draw them into his madness so that after splashdown they'd prance out of the rescue vehicle giggling and pushing each other into the bushes.

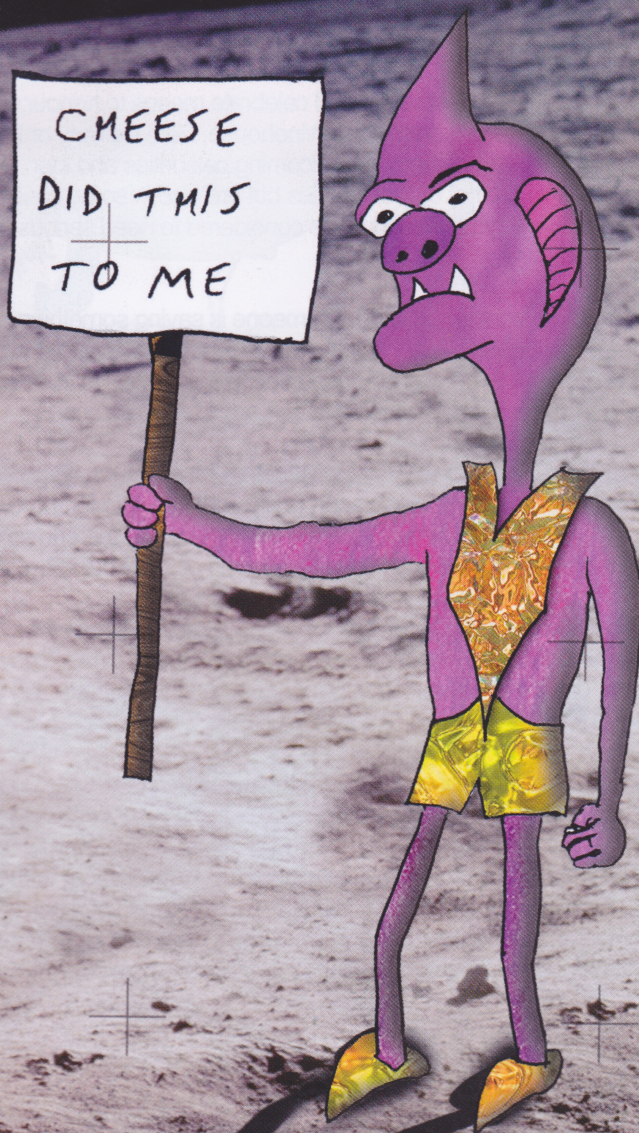
If Armstrong was interesting he'd attend a press conference wearing a hat made of a human pelvis fringed with the shrunk ears of his victims. He'd say the whole trip was a waste of time. He'd complain that his critical judgment had 'turned to jelly'. He'd describe his own eyelashes as 'a delight', speaking at first in a stage whisper, then screaming into the mike and blowing eardrums like popcorn. He'd fall at every hurdle. He'd purse his lips to his fist and trumpet The Red Flag. He'd guffaw. He'd announce 'I crave the company of morticians. I love everything about them. You'll be glad to hear I live in a ghastly dreamworld. And you can't stop me.'

If Armstrong was interesting he'd sell baby crocs on TV for 'crazy prices'. He'd crash into people's front rooms in the cab of a beaked ironclad Russian locomotive. He'd work as the actor inside the rigid costume of Gamera, the giant turtle which flies by means of a nuclear arse. He'd fashion underwear for ungrateful, unresponsive bugs. He'd build a papier mache demon with beautiful legs.

He'd thrash mini-veggies from the banquet table. He'd toss frogs from a speeding car. He'd drop-kick a master chef. He'd promise the warden he'd see him in hell. He'd say urbane 'Put it on his bill over there - him with the dead eyes.' He'd prong his own nose with an ancient eel fork. He'd flaunt his head, god's gift to snipers. He'd grimace like a tailor. He'd put a flea in the deity's ear by capering like a chimp. He'd evince groggy surprise. He'd impregnate his lunch. He'd pistol-whip a troll. He'd say 'We are sisters in tennis.' He'd enter a casino with a shovel. He'd burn formality through the night. He'd visit gas upon clowns. He'd become a hive of teeth. He'd leak genes coveted by the scrabbling poor. He'd don the bell-sleeves of a magus and rain down mellow blessings upon his people. He'd go as loose as a flower. He'd smile wan and leave. He'd grow soft pink fur and stink of diesel. He'd say 'Just think of it. Octopi for everyone. Yellow conclusions of a thousand years. Am I dreaming? Is this the rumble of age and sainthood? Let me say this. You can inspect the thundering skies for saliva. You can feed into the machinery of demolition. You can pledge your darkness to a joke. But - my sweet, sweet beauties - brace yourselves. I'm going to look you in the eye.' If Armstrong was interesting the moon would blush into a fizzy paradise, florid with ease and wild good humour. The moon is as dry as a health cracker.

Steve Aylett is the author of 'LINT' and 'Slaughtermatic', and creator of comics 'The Caterer' and 'Get That Thing Away From Me'.

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# World of Illuzion

By Lejome Pindling

**A**s a young musician, I currently see how complicated it is to enter an industry that is highly saturated with talentless individuals who have the "X-Factor", and celebrity media darlings. We all read about so-called celebrities and all of the media - concocted drama that they get into. However, it is still our nature to place them on a pedestal and bestow incessant praise upon them.

The word celebrity is defined presently as a person to be celebrated, and celebrate means to honour, respect and commemorate. So can someone explain to me why we celebrate Amy Winehouse, Pete Doherty or Lil' Wayne (amongst other people)? We celebrate these people, propel them into becoming celebrities and then watch as the majority of them self destruct. These are people who are not only celebrities but are also in some cases touted as role-models for younger people. Individuals who in everyday life would be considered to need serious help, viewed disapprovingly or entered into her Majesty pleasure.

It seems to me that in this day and age we are more concerned in how someone is saying something and less about what they are actually saying. Musically speaking, you listen to a lot of the music that is out now and whilst their auto tune assisted voice may sound great and the music may be well produced, the lyrical content is trash at best and personally makes me feel aggrieved for the microphone it was warbled into. (Lady Gaga, anyone ?)

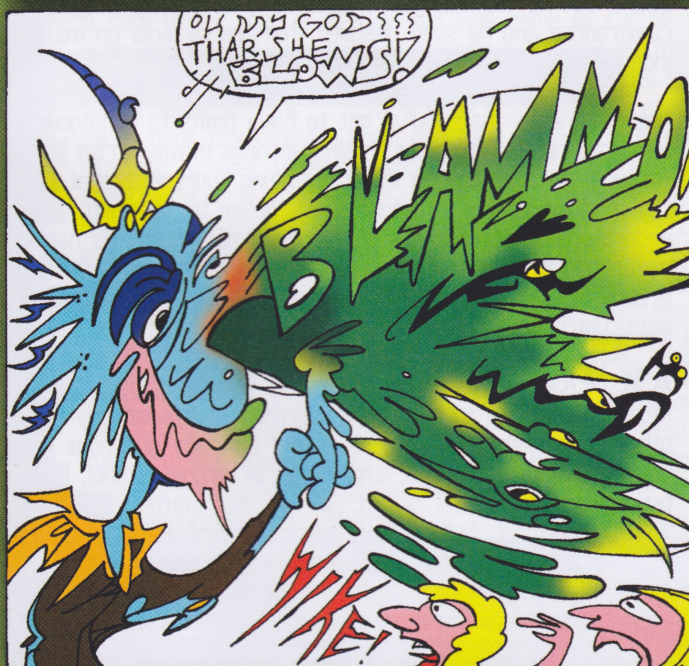
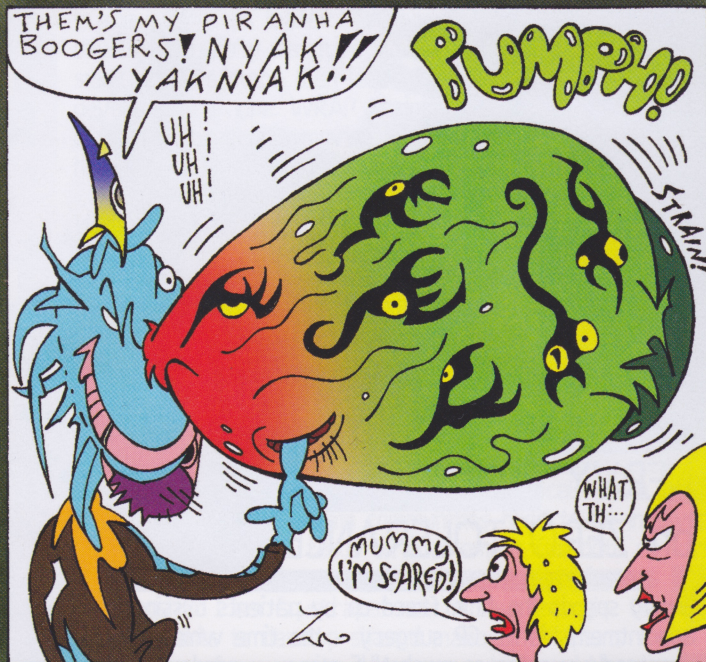
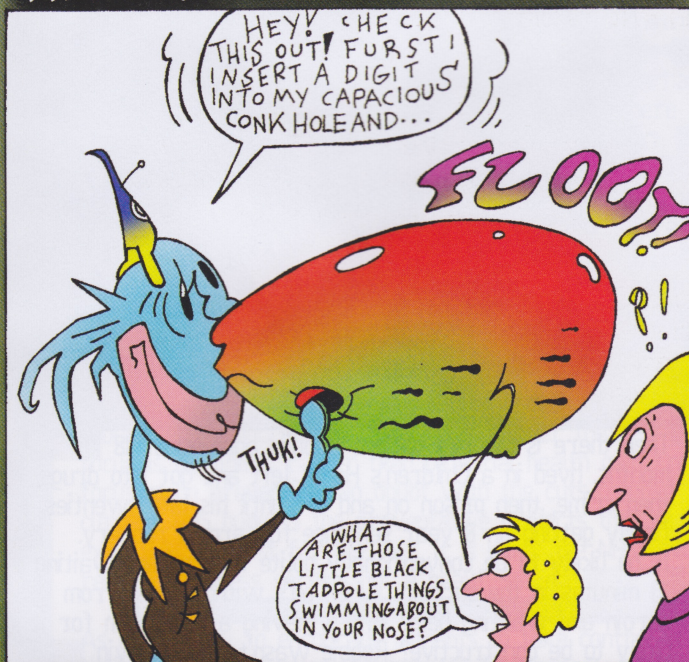
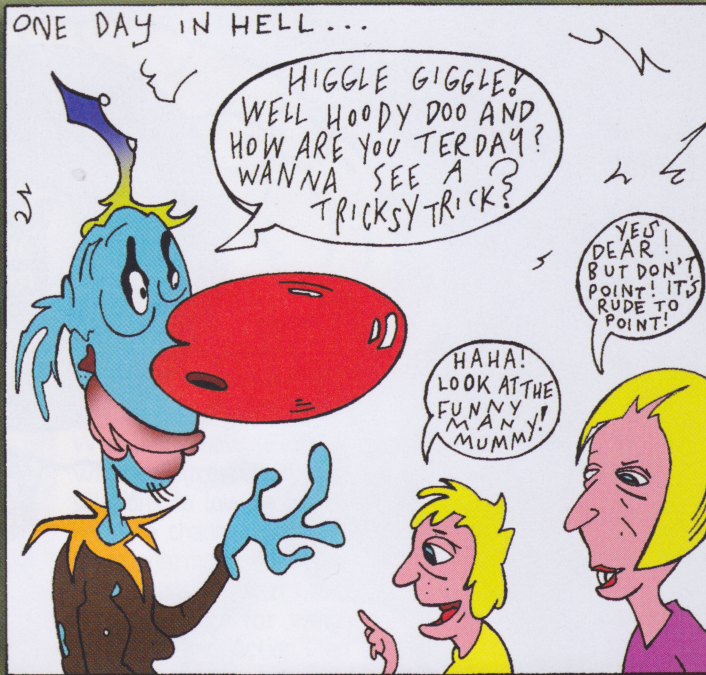
"Reality" talent shows such as "X-Factor" and "Pop-Stars" (thanks again Mr. Cowell) are constantly viewed, where the aim of the program is to find a person who can sing someone else's song really well! We vote for them, we support them, they win, they release albums and then we don't buy them. Generally this is because the end product is nowhere near as good as expected. I support that comment by mentioning Steve Brookstein or Leon Jackson.

For a long time now the music industry has been saturated with record execs striving to find the perfect image, manufacture the perfect sound and package and distribute the perfect product. Everything in music now appears to be focussed around image and in all of this, one thing has suffered immensely and that is the quality and creativeness of the actual music.

Music no longer comes from the heart, it is no longer a tool of escape from the pressures of life. It is no longer a gift given to commemorate, commiserate or provide hope. Music is no longer an expression, a way to deal with oppression or a way to release aggression. Music has become a slave. A way to get rich. The proverbial cash-cow as some would say. The majority of albums that I listen to nowadays have 2 tracks which I would consider good and a further 12 which I would say were questionable. The price tag screams at you that the CD is still going to set you back £13.99 in large white letters. I have to say it then surprises me that the industry wonder why bootlegging exists. Perhaps if they were to improve the quality of their music (and the quality of the artists performing) then consumers would be more willing to purchase the music.

*"True music is an art form, so please start writing for its beauty"*









## THE SPINNING DOCTORS

OUR ROTATING PANEL OF HEALTH PROFESSIONALS ARE HERE TO ALLEVIATE YOUR MEDICAL MISERY

### NERVY on ZERO TOLERANCE

Nervy spends the time freed up by patients missing appointments in his GP surgery – the time which supposedly wastes so much NHS money – pondering about things and avoiding insanity. And one of the things he has been thinking about recently is Zero Tolerance in the NHS. Nervy's working life is about being tolerant – it is about humanity, mercy, understanding, compromise – in situations where people are distressed, anxious and angry because they are ill and because their lives are not how they want them to be. Zero Tolerance is a bizarre idea in any area of medicine but particularly when someone has a mental health problem affecting their behaviour in a complex way that will not be immediately explicable. Add to that the different personalities and social norms which also affect how people respond and express themselves in stressful situations, and you have a recipe for confrontation.

Confrontation, for instance, between the pissed-off black teenager chucked out by his alcohol dependent mother and the over-worked white middle class middle-aged nurse who greets him in the Accident and Emergency Department with a Zero Tolerance green card to call Security at the first sign of fucking unacceptable language.

Then there is Nervy's patient Robbie, adopted at 18 months, lived in a Children's Home, left and got into drugs, then crime, then prison on and off until his late twenties, finally getting an 8 year sentence for armed robbery. Is he likely to be conventionally polite if he's kept waiting 10 minutes in the surgery when he's withdrawing from heroin and wanting help? And is having a go at him for it likely to be constructive? Robbie wasn't easy to win round, but he wanted help and so he was willing to compromise and he soon realised that Nervy was on his side.

Nervy believes that you've got to have limits to behaviour but that violent situations in NHS settings mostly arise through staff escalating things by being confrontational rather than trying to defuse the problem by showing understanding of where a patient is coming from. He has never had problems with violence, despite working with groups of people most colleagues would assess as particularly risky. And he doesn't believe it's all been luck.

#### ASK NERVY AND "THE SNIPPER"

Nervy would like to hear your opinion. On this or any other controversial health issue. And also any questions you may have in his specialist areas of drugs, alcohol, psychology and mental health. Or for that matter, anything medical. And his partner is a hairdresser so can answer anything Nervy finds particularly problematical in your relationships. A GP and a hairdresser can between them suggest solutions to most human problems.

Email : [nervy@dodgemlogic.com](mailto:nervy@dodgemlogic.com)



# ARE DOCTORS GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH ?

By Doctor Feelgood

When I first started working as a GP my wife asked "Do you have a job description?" I realised I didn't but not wanting to look a fool, I came up with what I thought a useful sentence, "I am responsible for the health care needs of a list of patients". Her reply "you're not God" was quite a shock. I was challenged to accept that patients are responsible for their own health.

Would people be better off without doctors? There is some evidence to support this view. When doctors went on strike in Israel in 1983 fewer people died and the Israeli Funeral Association actually lost business! Perhaps people took fewer risks with their health when there was no safety net. In fact, the effect of the doctors' strike was short lived. There is a lot of research indicating that long-term health benefits are proportional to the number of General Practitioners, although there is less evidence of health gain from the provision of specialists, so perhaps health gain depends on the doctors you employ.

When the NHS was first developed it was thought that it would not be needed in the long term as the population would become increasingly healthy. However the NHS focus is on illness, rather than potential health gain from focusing on prevention. No doubt with the cuts planned in current NHS budgets the preventative projects that do exist will be first for the axe. It is likely the NHS will remain an illness service not a health service.

As a GP I try to encourage patients to take control of their health. Sometimes this happens in unexpected ways. A few years ago a 25-year-old man came to see me with episodes of anxiety and depression relating to the ending of relationships. I prescribed antidepressants which helped and as he was a keen reader I also gave him a book prescription from our local library to help him gain greater understanding of his mood disorder. He returned a new man, saying that the book prescription had made all the difference. However he had not read the book! He had been puzzled as to why I had given him a book prescription and developed the insight that he had to address his own life problems rather than passively taking antidepressants. Once he took ownership of his problems he found the solution. He reprimanded his sisters for interfering with his relationships with women. They were delighted to see their brother develop some maturity and assertiveness. This enabled him to be free to enjoy relationships with women without his sisters' interference and this improved his mood and well-being.

With many new lifestyle drugs around the corner there will be a growing temptation to look for quick fix solutions to low mood, rather than the hard work of lifestyle change. There are growing financial incentives from pharmaceutical companies to treat lifestyle problems with drugs. Allston Gardens community centre has provided space for weight management and Well-Being, Recovery and Action Plan training (WRAP training) which helps people take ownership of their own health. WRAP training develops leaders from within the community to develop culturally sensitive wellbeing plans. People take small positive steps then learn from the experience and develop more hope. WRAP training has been particularly effective for people moving into recovery from mental health problems.

If doctors could enable people to take more ownership of their health then health outcomes could be improved. However this approach is not without its problems – for example some cultures expect to be told what to do. This has happened in Northampton town centre (where there is higher deprivation than Corby) where hope and the personal ability to address problems have been squashed over the years, and people feel disempowered.

Patients need to become more aware of local health resources. Leaders within communities need to be involved. There needs to be a focus on enablement for both doctors and patients to address health in a way that fosters partnership. I am frustrated not to have enough time with patients to develop shared management plans which include use of community resources which could really enable their health to improve.

Despite the recent slight change in focus towards prevention of illness there remain few incentives for health services to engage with communities to enable health. Recent evidence continues to demonstrate that deprived communities such as Spring Borough have poor health that is not improving. This is unlikely to change, unless people take more ownership of their health and there is more partnership working between doctors and patients.



# WHAT'S HER PROBLEM?

*Launching Dodge Logic's rotating column for women we have artist, writer, sculptor and storm-in-a-t-cup Melinda Gebbie asking how feminism became a swearword.*

We were betrayed. All of us. Not just women who wanted equal rights, but men as well. Germaine Greer and The Female Eunuch. Feminism as a cartoon of any woman who hated men who stood up for them on the bus. The Battle of the Sexes. As soon as the teams square up, the bullies come to the fore. Women as cartoon guys. Does the fault lie in the fact that it was organised by women (who are irresponsible, silly, easily led, always having periods or babies, too busy buying shoes or chasing a promising husband)? Does it lie in the undeniable dynamic which occurs between females: that one of our primary instincts is to distrust one another?

I have worked at many kinds of jobs in my life. Newsroom artist (where I was crammed in a small space with six guys on a desperate daily deadline); lamp-parts assembly line worker (again, with guys); animation drudge (before CGI, when you hand-pencilled thousands of sheets of work, again mostly with guys); office mailroom attendant; phone centre zombie; postal depot conveyor belt slug; pet hospital counter-person; nature museum artist; TV room graphic artist; topless dancer; frying pan demonstration barker and, of course, the odd receptionist-type work. Except in the case of the postoffice...the military one in San Francisco's dark abandoned China Basin, where all of us shuffled about in a pale green glow of hellish sameness...the white collar jobs where I rubbed shoulders with bright-eyed, prudish little madams of the cubby hole and water cooler were just about the worst, except, of course, where I had to work with lady cartoonists, all of us smooshed together into one gender-determined ghetto.

How can sisterhood as a concept apply to the pecking order that females impose upon themselves and their sex? "Ooh! Look at her and her fat ass! Let's not talk to HER!" I remember one little lass who came bouncing into a shared secretarial pool squealing about how she'd just bought herself a real itty-bitsy, teeny-weeny polka dot bikini and insisted on showing us all her ferociously perfect little physique in it. Who the hell was she? Why would I want to see her secret places thinly veiled with dots? Perhaps you might not see it the way I do, but I took her showing off as an act of aggression. She'd certainly never put that much effort into chatting with anyone.

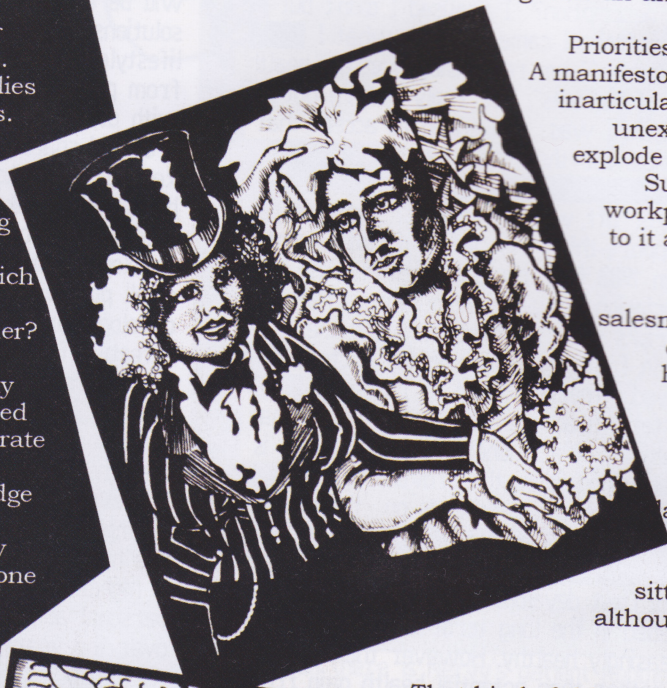
The movement started in the seventies. It encouraged women to stand up and shriek about their rights to intimidated boyfriends and husbands. It birthed the politically pointless magazine Ms, where, when I visited their offices in New York looking for illustration work, I was greeted by the sight of two very loud women engaged in a verbal battle as to which had the smartest child, both children running about and crying and the receptionist nowhere in sight to receive business. I sat in a puddle of milk next to one irate mum who shot me a mean glance, picked up her baby's bottle off the floor, gave it back to her and left the building after an uncomfortable ten minutes.

Priorities. Principles of behaviour. A manifesto, dammit! All we had was inarticulate anger which remained unexamined and was likely to explode in any and all directions. Sure, we had sexism in the workplace. I myself was victim to it and in those days had no redress. A female lawyer told me that although a salesman at a large publishing company where I worked had demanded I give him a blow-job at a party and I'd refused, I would never be taken seriously in a court of law. Indeed, the man had me fired because he didn't want the evidence sitting around in the office, although at that point I hadn't told his boss.

That kind of thing has always been lurking in office situations. It's less insidious than the bigger, more gut-wrenching dynamic of woman-to-woman underhandedness which allowed, during the scattered regime of supposed unity, the immoral and poorly-thought-out treatment of one woman in the workplace by another.

Who was a feminist and who wasn't? It seemed to be a case of who the woman was speaking to. To a female boss or a new co-worker it was "Go get 'em, sister!" With a male boss or a male co-worker, feminism sheathed its claws and went all demure. A lady has a right to change her mind. Virginia Slims - You've Come a Long Way, Baby. Have a feminist drag on your own cigarettes!

The commercial industry jumped in with both feet. Viva magazine was foggy soft-porn for the ladies. Playgirl was a half-baked magazine produced by gay women and bought mostly by gay men. (I know. I worked there.) It would seem that no-one had really thought anything all the way through. As Emma Goldman pointed out, one must be a person first, with goals, ideals and a code of behaviour which is fair to everyone, before one attempts to segregate the sexes and make half the world wrong on the basis of genital function....





We needed heroes. A good example would have been Hypatia of Alexandria. Born between AD 350 and 370 and living until AD 415 she was an outstanding Greek scholar and the first notable woman in mathematics, as well as being a teacher of astronomy and philosophy. She was a remarkable beauty who, it is said, remained a virgin and, notably, challenged an amorous would-be suitor by showing him her menstrual rags, saying they demonstrated that there was nothing beautiful about carnal desire.

Because of her self-possession and dignity when appearing in the presence of magistrates she became an object of suspicion, as she moved and spoke easily in the company of men. Believed to have somehow caused a rift between the Bishop Cyril and the Imperial Prefect Orestes, she attracted the wrath of a Christian populace who vilified her, and Christian monks who stripped her naked, dragging her to the newly Christianised Caesarium church, where she was flayed with pottery shards and her skin gouged away with oyster-shells. The bloody limbs were then delivered into a bonfire. Or what about Mary Seacole, the real Florence Nightingale? The Jamaican-born woman who single-handedly entered the bloody battlefields of the Crimean War, armed only with her knowledge of herbs and her ability to make a refuge for war-weary soldiers out of a wooden hut, a few beds, hot food, supplies and good cheer? She saved the lives of thousands of soldiers with no help from English nurses like Nightingale at all. After the war ended, she was celebrated with a huge Victorian fireworks party by the surviving men who had been saved by her. And what about the amazing and unstoppable Emma Goldman? Her diaries, which span the years from 1889 to 1931 are filled with tales of imprisonment, anarchistic acts and visionary statements describing a dream of equality for all that would beggar belief were it not for the accompanying newspaper articles, amazing quotes and testimonials from fellow prisoners; comrades in equality and admirers who followed her progress and her blazing words throughout her completely committed life.

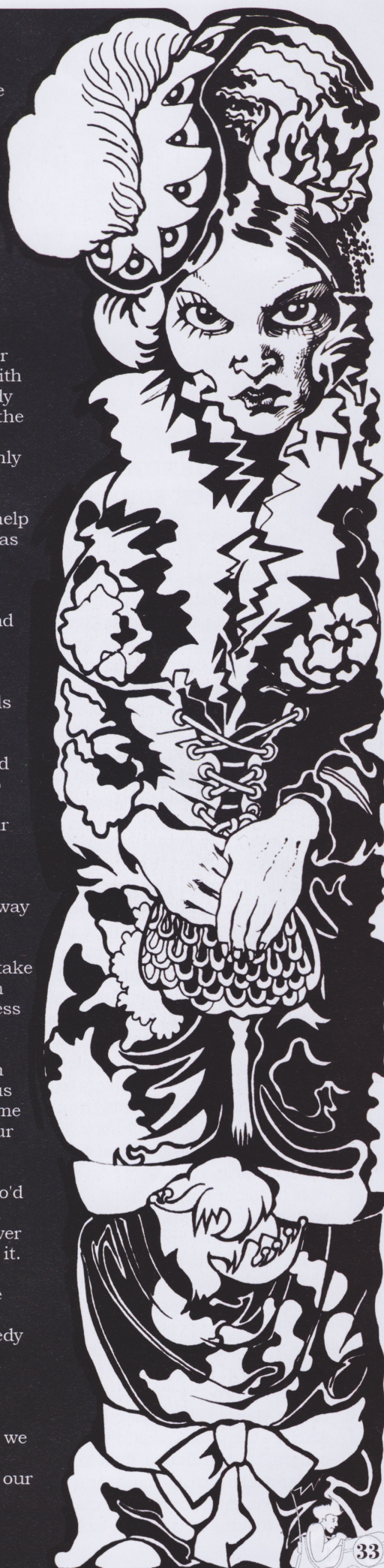
Good behaviour and humanitarianism don't have a sex. One must lead by example. We had no exemplary women to lead our movement. Who could possibly follow a so-called feminist writer like Germaine Greer when she accused a female journalist of having 'fat tits, birds-nest hair and fuck-me shoes'? Especially when asked about her proto-feminist book *The Female Eunuch*, to which she replied with something to the effect that she'd written the book over forty years ago and if people wanted to make a religion out of it, that was their problem. That's no way to start a revolution.

If you want to start a movement you've got to be someone people can take seriously. Even Bella Abzug, one of the elder stateswomen of feminism said "It was easier to start the feminist movement than it was to address my own shortcomings."

And remember consciousness-raising groups? I was a part of one with fellow female cartoonists in the 1970s for a few months. Then two of us discovered we were unknowingly caught in a love-triangle with the same man, at which point Anita declared she would dump him, as one of our members was his flatmate and told us we were "both in love with the same bastard". I hugged Anita, told her not to make promises she couldn't keep, and for my part told the guy to get lost. The woman who'd been his flatmate wrote and drew a comic strip about the whole mess, insinuating that she'd somehow been victimised by the event. Don't ever let anyone tell you women can't be bastards if they put their minds to it.

In summary, women, like men, are a mixed bag of heroines and harridans: the weak, the strong, and the unkind. But goals have to be set; exemplary behaviour must be touted. Ghandi didn't change the goalposts for his people by being a sly, duplicitous politician, or a greedy and insincere front-man. He gained the world's stage by being too luminous and worthy to be ignored and thereby gained the world's attention and sympathy for his people's plight.

Sisterhood could be powerful, but it requires that we all examine who we are as individuals and look at our actions, for that is how we are all judged at the end of the day. Screaming like children only infantilises our image. Our only barriers are our own self-imposed limits.







## STUCK IN THE MIDDLE

### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE ROCK SCENES FROM '57 TIL LATELY

By Gary Ingham

The regular assessment of Northampton as some backwater cultural desert has gone on far too long. "Erm, I think I might have gone past it once..." Who are these London journo hacks trying to kid? Do you think everyone was born & bred in Hoxton? The provinces exist my friends, you were most likely born there, all your changes were there, as the man says, or are you too cool to remember? So cut the Camden-centric claptrap and listen...for a start, where would rock n' roll be without bespoke footwear? Exactly, and another thing...

Well, let's go back to the beginning by way of the recently published 'Have Guitars...Will Travel: A Journey Through The Beat Music Scene In Northampton 1957-66' by Derrick Thompson & William Martin, a retrieval project on how the infancy waves of youth culture affected one town. Lost stories scooped out of the reject bin of history. '57 is year zero, the Apex Skiffle Group (including future Mott The Hoople's Ian Hunter) start out at Old White Hart Inn (still there) & The Black Lion (now a derelict Wig & Pen), they eventually win the 'Daily Sketch' national skiffle contest. 'Teenagers' suddenly exist & in Cafés such as Lyn's in the Lower Mounts (now Go Recruitment), stand sipping a coke by the jukebox. They find a fresh identity liberated from the starched collar stuffiness of their parents' Britain. A grey post-war world blooms into dots of colour in a shocking shade of new. "A woman with purple hair was seen in Gold Street, a man wearing green shoes was spotted in the Drapery" says Thompson & Martin's book.

Head days. Groups like The Mavericks, The Deltas & The Skyliners appear by the dozens all over town & tear it up in cinemas & church halls. It was a working class revolution in hard times. Street violence is not a new idea sponsored by The Daily Mail. Northampton town centre was in the grips of damn near Teddy Boy gang warfare the police couldn't contain. Razors stitched in collars, bicycle chains, flick-knives...even axes, hidden under an Edwardian coat for a Friday night ruckus with rival area gangs or anyone making eyes too long. "If you're looking for trouble, look right in my face."

There were no purpose built venues for the new music phenomenon, skiffle & then rock groups started out in the decaying halls of Theatreland, such as the Embassy Ballroom (now NB's) on Bridge Street.

Proving your chops live was not only the way bands were born & survived, it was the only way anyone ever got to see them. No easy internet or video options back then. Touring was constant. Two shows a day, every day. The world was speeding up. The M1 opened in 1959. Whether travelling north, south, east or west, the mainlines of transit for all touring acts now ran through Northants. Many a footnote in the memoirs of every swinging 60's pop-star took place just west of the village of Watford at the Blue Boar Café (now Watford Gap Services).

The first motorway services in Britain. A late night rendezvous for all post club-date mods, rockers & mockers for early a.m. tea, sympathy, & the occasional scrap. Slumming drummers would hang out at the Blue Boar, on the off chance they could cadge a gig from any band in need. When Jimi Hendrix landed in London in 1966, the constant promise of 'I'll see you at The Blue Boar' led him to believe it was the most popular club in north London.

The ghosts of greatness are in every part of the town if you take a quick shufti under the tarmac. Every club you may have been in with a high street door leading upstairs was most likely once a thronging live sweatshop, hosting a who's who of '60's muso delights. Gene Vincent's appearances at Weedon Hall & The West End Club in Kettering (now West End Carpets) quickly entered lore for local rockers as both ended in variations of drunken chaos, stage invasions & a cracked rib for the perennially half-cut legend.

The Flamingo on Abington St. (later The Lounge, now currently Embargo) has a mecca for Jazz as well as beat groups, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, The Small Faces & The Yardbirds sweated their art there. The Who & John Lee Hooker wowed the Maple Ballroom at the top of Gold Street (later Legends). The Drill Hall on Clare St. (now a T.A. centre) had shocking acoustics but that didn't stop kids queuing to see Eric Burdon & The Animals in 1964.

Eric Clapton scorched through 'I'm Your Witchdoctor' with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers at The Scaffold Club behind the Tech College (now UCN union bar) on St. Georges Ave. Health & safety was not a major issue, the bands played on actual scaffolding to make more floor space & a cheap facsimile of the Ready Steady Go platform set. How Georgie Fame or the Spencer Davis Group got their Hammond B-3 Organ's up there is a mystery lost in another time.



In 1963 The Beatles happened. Their two shows at the ABC cinema (now the Jesus Centre) in March & October book-ended the rise of Beatlemania. The 1st date had been a relatively casual affair. Though by the Northampton date of the tour, the Beatles had been switched to headliners over Chris Montez due to popularity, they still had the freedom to be last seen leap-frogging down Abington street to their hotel after a quiet chicken supper at promoter Ron Stanley's Gayeway (now Joe's Diner). Six months later at the same venue 4000 people (90% female) screamed themselves hoarse. After a mop shakin' climax of 'Twist & Shout', the Fabs were escorted up to St. Michaels Rd., put in a 2nd car (an Austin Princess fact fans) Hard Days Night Style, and were half way to the M1 before the National Anthem had finished (even Beatlemania had to keep its calm for the obligatory end of show national pride in 1963), the report in the following evening's local Chronicle & Echo bypassed any mention of the band of the century's performance to praise the local constabulary's show of strength in the face of youthful abandon-'apart from some screaming, shouting and skylarking in the street, everything was under control'.

Rock legends are not made by just talent & luck. The Rolling Stones only gig in Northampton was their 23rd date on a non-stop 24 day tour, 2 shows a day. Promoting their new 45 'Get Off My Cloud' at the ABC supported by Spencer Davis Group, admission was 4/6 (about 20p). They finished with 'Satisfaction' under a hail of coke bottles & knickers. Another overtime shift for the local boys in blue that day.

The boundaries between entertainers & madmen had become thrillingly blurred. Spurred on by the firebrand horror of heroes Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard & Screaming Jay Hawkins, Hurricane Henry & The Shriekers ('Henry' being the ubiquitous shoetown scenester Ian Hunter) packed out all the venues in town and went crazy-motorbikes on stage, fire extinguishers going off, mayhem. Freddie Fingers Lee, former pianist for Screaming Lord Sutch (until he was hospitalised by a stage fall) took over as front man, becoming Freddie 'Fingers' Lee & His Mad Mad Shreikers! Freddie became known for drinking like a thrown back cod, smashing bottles across a stage & dancing The Twist on the broken glass until the stage was a pattern of bloody foot-prints, then throwing his false eye into the crowd whilst axing a piano into splinters. Iggy Pop was in short trousers at the time.

The Quick & The Dead, Mal & The Primitives, Clayton Haze & Phoenix were the Northants acts of the time making the move from R&B to psychedelic rock, slacks to loon pants, touring the country in caravanettes without heaters. The timely named local psych-folk outfit Pinkertons Assorted Colours became a one-hit wonder with "Mirror Mirror" in January 1966. High, high times. Asked for stories, band members struggle, it usually boils down to three events-1. Got pissed. 2. Fell offstage. 3. The van broke down. Every other memory is lost.

By the late 60's, live music was where it was at man. Small as the region is, it had more than its share of small yet incredibly popular places to catch the major progressive players: The Kettering Granada (now Gala Bingo), the Tin Hat Club by Kettering FC (now gravel by a car showroom), The Old Five Bells In Kingsthorpe (now Frog & Fiddler), The Badge Club on Rock Street Wellingborough, The Frolicking Kneecap in Market Harborough, The George in Wilby, & Station Hotel Blisworth (now the Walnut Inn), had regular blistering sets from a young Jethro Tull, Fleetwood Mac, Rory Gallagher's Taste, Free, Black Widow (performing 'Come to the Sabbath' by candle light whilst performing occult rites), Thin Lizzy, Mott The Hoople, or maybe even local hairy hammond rockers Axe (the average pay was £75 & a curry).

Of particular haloed memory is The Nags Head in Wollaston (now Wollaston Inn, were you can treat yourself to a steak dinner for a recession defying £17). Starting out as a Motown disco in the upstairs room by the revered Big Bob Knight in 1968, it quickly became one of the best music venues in the country. At a quarter to nine every Friday an almighty queue would form into the venue & up the black steel fire escape past the increasingly ironic 'Motown Club' sign to pay the fee & have their hand stamped by weekly DJ John Peel, yes that John Peel, and into the matt black room with blacked out windows. Being located in a village out in the sticks didn't stop the kids piling in. Many would thumb a ride up to Wollaston with no idea of how to get home. Some of these problems were ironed out when Big Bob splashed out on a pink double decker bus to transport the needy to & from Wellingborough....

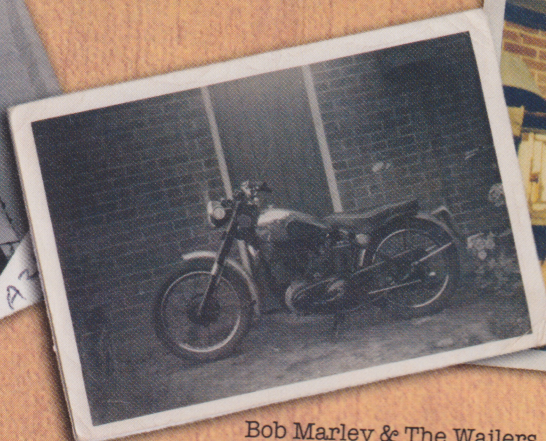




These were the days of Afghan coats, large floppy hats and snakeskin stack-heeled boots. One girl is remembered as having bought a new kaftan for the weekend that had to be dragged through a field before she dared wear it to the club. She'd have looked foolish otherwise. The Nag's crowd walked out of Wollaston Village as midnight approached- an army of hair, tassels & good vibes. Slinky androgyny.

**“When Free played, I walked in to a vision of this tall creature in a crocheted top & long dark curly hair with her back to us, facing the band as they sound-checked. I elbowed my mate ‘I’d give that one’. When she turned around it was Paul Rodgers. I never lived that down.” - Mick Austin**

The one night at the Nag's that is most fondly remembered by all concerned was the freebie thrown by Rod Stewart & The Faces. They had faced the wrath of Big Bob & Peel for flaking out on a booking at the club the week before, and Peel was a man best kept on-side. Hasty arrangements were made to return for a free show the following Thursday, and they made sure it was a barnstormer. Before rockin' a foundation-shaking set, The Faces handed out copies of their latest LP & bought crates of ale for the whole room. This era of big names in packed spit & sawdust rooms petered out as tour agents got greedy & town centre night clubs with late licensing became the new weekend salvation for the work-a-week damned. Bands now played fewer gigs in bigger venues for big money. Though the Nag's rolled on into the 80's and even had very early shows from U2 & Killing Joke, time had made its changes. Bob wasn't a businessman, fortunes were not made, but lives were enriched, and he is still held in saintly light for those who were there. Of course, the shoe trade is synonymous with Northampton. Dr. Martens boots were first manufactured in Wollaston, in 1961, and have softened the step & hardened the toes of nearly all the counter-cultural tribes of the working classes and beyond since the 60's: mods, glam, punks, ska, psychobillies, grebos, goths, industrialists, nu-metal, hardcore, grunge, Britpop. Think of all the peoples heads & balls that you'd have struggled to kick in without them. You're welcome.



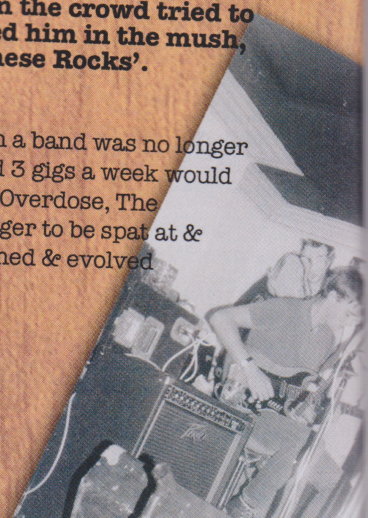
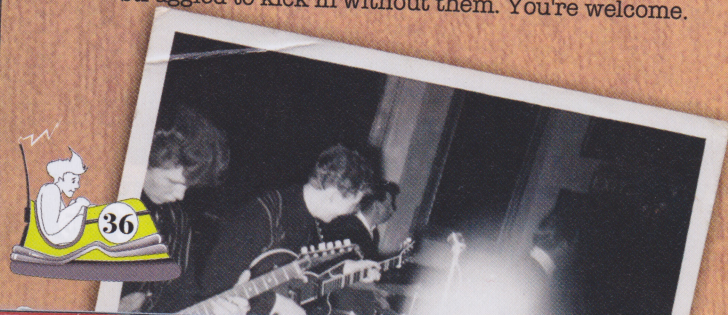
Bob Marley & The Wailers, for some reason lost in the smoke-rings of time, played a show at The Fantasia Club in Kings Heath in the early 70's. That particular line-up of the Wailers disbanded that night. The locations influence on this demise is purely educated speculation.

In 1976, The Haskins brothers (Kevin & David) had the cultural presence of mind to go see The Sex Pistols play London's 100 club. Weeks later, they formed Submerged 10th, Northampton's 1st punk band. Later, joined by Pete Murphy & Danny Ash, they morphed into Bauhaus, a band whose image & success still hangs over the town like a black albatross. Their 1st single 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' was a spooky beast that spent 2 whole years in the indie charts. These doom sounds from a glam rock hangover caused local youths to get gothed up to the max & start hanging like wing-clipped bats around the top of Abington Street ever since. The bigger acts coming to Northampton through the 70's would play the County Ground function room on Wantage Rd. & The Paddocks in Harpole (now a Beefeater), and as punk came into prominence the Racecourse Pavillion (now Jade Restaurant) hosted shows for a while (Swell Maps-Bauhaus-Vibrators-Revillos) & The Sex Pistols were booked to play there but the whole tour was cancelled following some low-key effin' & jeffin' on TV at some chap called Grundy.

The old hairy rocker contingent was still around & crossed over with the punks. AC/DC played the County in '77, and plenty of young punks lapped it up, even though they knew they shouldn't really in the middle of a Punk revolution that unofficially arrived in town with the prescient booking of The Damned at The County in early '77 & Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers later that same year.

**“I was 16. I pleaded with my parents to let me go & give me a lift. I said ‘oh, he’s a very good guitarist from America, I could learn lots. When he came onstage, someone in the crowd tried to touch his guitar, so he kicked him in the mush, and went straight into ‘Chinese Rocks’. My hero.” -Mark Refoy**

The barriers came down, being in a band was no longer an unobtainable divinity. Around 3 gigs a week would have new punkers like Religious Overdose, The Shoplifters, Grip or Guillotine, eager to be spat at & canned offstage. Bands split, formed & evolved constantly....





Organised anarchy, that's what was needed, and thanks to a dribble of Arts Council funding (good ol' Thatcher eh?), along came the Northampton Musicians Collective. Originally meeting upstairs at The Fish, then a room in an office block on Hazlewood Rd. A place for every group in town to organise gigs (usually The Black Lion), make compilation tapes, hog a photocopier to produce flyers, and slag off the whole affair whilst milking it for all it was worth as everyone fell out under the collective weight of ego's clashing for superiority. Gig swaps were arranged with other towns. The Old Grey Whistle test filmed a segment for their show at The Black Lion on the whole idea of gig-swapping, on this occasion a swap with Hull, & one of the first sightings of The Housemartins on TV.

Hopefuls such as Groovy Underwear, Where's Lisse, White Furry Rabbits, Magnolia Siege, Plastic Infidel & Tell Tale Hearts bombarded John Peel, Janice Long & Kid Jensen into airwave submission. This was also the period in which the MFM, the Matta Fancanta Youth Movement (Matta Fancanta meaning 'Come guide yourself') took over an old Salvation Army citadel on Sheep St. (now barren wasteland in front of Greyfriars) in an attempt to unify the black community. Punks like Crass and The Ruts gigged there, and they also housed a cranium rattling dub soundsystem so loud it still occasionally rains worms in Sheep St. to this day. In 1980, the Northampton Development Corporation financed a single titled 'Energy In Northampton'/'60 Miles By Road Or Rail'. Three minutes of oddball electro-propaganda about aliens landing in Northampton for its cosmic energy source. John Peel playing it as a mirth-stuffed novelty probably harmed the image of the town more than tempting incoming industrialists. The phrase 'A love affair with Northampton is a voyage into space' in its original back-sleeve font has become something of an ironic pleasure in the love/hate affair with Northampton.

Being 60 miles from the two biggest cities in the country sounds handy on paper, but it's just far enough for total detachment, even alienation. Northampton is not a town that is easily impressed by the fancy ways of city folks. A melting pot of suspicious minds.

**“Nearly everyone in a band in Northampton has worked in a mental asylum. Or been a patient.”**  
-Pat Fish

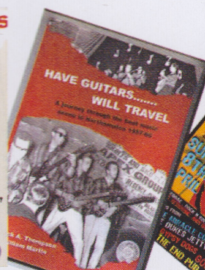
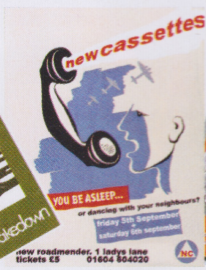
There was always hassle at gigs. Thatcher was in for the second term & people were worried they'd be down to foodstamps. It was a very confrontational time. The one place that united the mad community was The Black Lion, the focal point for alternative types trying to avoid a towny skirmish since the 60's. An astonishing amount of people could crowd into the Black Lion's small front room, often for an impromptu set from the flamboyant pewter tankard draining Tom Hall, a local folk legend in the old Albion tradition. The Jazz Butcher (aka Pat Fish) performed his first gigs in the back room there on his way to underground infamy & becoming the still debonair figure he cuts today. The babyfaced Spacemen 3 took regular trips over from Rugby to play the Lion & The Old Five Bells as they honed their drugged trance tremolo drones & made most listeners quite nauseous, but the few with the correctly tuned heads had them blown.

#### Note from a Sonic Spaceman:

**“Keen to break out, albeit slightly, from the dead-zone that was Rugby's music scene, Northampton was the way for us as Spacemen 3 to go, and the Black Lion - basically a bikers bar out back, & an old style smoke room type affair in front - had a very cool booking policy whereby the guy who ran the place was happy to just not have to listen to yr cassette, and hope you brought some friends. Unfortunately, the regulars were less enthusiastic & unsure - mostly because our charging on the door impeded their regular & not unreasonable drug trade - mostly hash & speed.**

**Luckily for us, Pat Fish came by one of our early shows & to cut a long story short, got us our first national press, our first record deal, bought us our first mansions, unbelievably good drugs & was to become a lifetime friend of no small potatoes! Northampton & (eventually) Rugby became our main stomping grounds thru to the release of Perfect Prescription in '87 -when we started to tour extensively around Europe & the UK & got lost in the distractions, attractions, reactions & refractions that led to the end of that phase.-SONIC BOOM**

The Black Lion closed shortly after the much respected landlord Dave Turvey was the victim of a police set up & spent a year in jail for non-existent dope dealing. It was the end of an era of sorts. The old crowd dissipated to The King Billy or The Racehorse, both consistent rock & punk venues, hang-outs, and rights of passage for young snots with guitars for years.





Daffodils flailed about during The Smiths encore of 'This Charming Man' in March 1985 at the Derngate as the spectre of Goth receded into the shadows. Baggy trousers & dancing became popular again. The Irish Centre (now strip joint Urban Tiger) & the Roadmender peaked in activity & profile through the acid house to Brit-Pop years as indie & rock music became part of the mainstream.

The Roadmender is one of a handful of venue names that always stood out for its oddness in the weekly gig guides, more recognisable nationally than the town name attached to it. Was it the lock-up for the council maintenance guys? Where they kept their 'men at work' signs & tarmac truck? No stupid, it was actually founded as a charitable Christian institution in 1934, aiming "to offer the boys & girls of Northampton whose homes are cramped, the chance of healthy, happy and contented leisure". The name came from the quest of 'mending souls on the road to Christ.' Come the 80's the mending of souls came via drinking as much Carlsberg as a dole cheque would afford & begging for Christ's help as they retched down the pan. But some form of salvation was still sought there. The earliest event anyone remembers at the 'mender was New Order in '81, a very big deal. For years the place was run by incompetents & criminals. As long as they were making some money, they'd let anyone book whoever the hell they wanted.

**"I booked The Happy Mondays in '87. We were pretty naive, thinking everybody would be interested in any new band on Factory Records, but very few people turned up. We lost money, but I'm glad we did it. Unfortunately I was in charge of obtaining the 'recreational' rider for the band. I went to meet a bloke in The Bear on Sheep St. for £16 worth of hash. He said he was going to get it and would be back in 5 minutes. I'm still waiting."** -Ian Anderson

Cain, President Bush, The Wishplants & Charlie Brown & The Downest Downers were the latest local acts almost but not quite-ing around this time & supporting the likes of Blur, Pulp, Suede, Radiohead, Oasis, Manic Street Preachers, Primal Scream, Spiritualized (the half Northampton/Rugby crew based from the ashes of Spacemen3 considered this a homecoming gig after the success of their majestic 'Laser Guided Melodies' Melody Maker album of the year no less)... a steady stream of big name acts passed through and revelled in the down to earth treatment at the venue, not least a lady in her late 60's called Elsie who made the bands some real home cookin'. On gig days, the cabbage would be on the boil from noon. Bobby Gillespie sat down for his Elsie dinner with a bottle of JD. Living the dream.

Promoter David Walker-Collins drove a post-sound-check Elastica to his house from the TV-less Roadmender to see their 1st Top Of The Pops appearance which had been pre-recorded the night before. "My kids where very confused as to how a group on TV could be sat on the living room sofa at the same time." The Stone Roses ecstasy fuelled day out in Northampton in early 1989 is still remembered as a peak by the band themselves, they signed Walker-Collins' copy of their LP with 'Thanks for Elsie's cabbage'. The venue lives on in a perpetual cycle of council funding fuck-ups, closure & rebirth that continues to this day, long may it mend.





The rise & fall of Bill Davison's purple empire spanned the first few years of the new millennium. Bill was an earnest chap with big ambition, nay, a cartoon Capone, who answered the phone enquiry for directions to his premises with the response "if you don't know, well it's not going to work out is it?". Epic delusions made good for a while. Starting with a working men's club/Irish centre (the town's gig-goers owe a debt to the Irish communities appetite for drink & dance) on Great Russell St. Renamed The Soundhaus in 2000, given corrugated doors & painted purple, it looked like the entrance to the bunker of some gay militia. The success of weekend club nights The Buzz, Blastchamber, & Shakedown funded 2 or 3 gigs in the week, including on the rise coup shows from Arctic Monkeys, Klaxons & The Killers. Medium 21, New Cassettes & The Departure all started out in the basement rehearsal rooms on Great Russell St. & enjoyed some modest success, The Departure had a couple of not so modest Top 40 singles before imploding with disappointment. Expanding The Purplehaus empire to include Black Cat Jazz Bar on Sheep St., The End pub in Far Cotton, & eventually The Roadmender, proved a few steps & pot of purple paint too far & the whole shebang quickly fell into bankruptcy like purple dominoes.

And now where does shoetown fit in this punch-drunk music industry, in which youngbloods have to deal with a mainstream cultures enforced sense that all our good things are in the past? The spread of the world wide t'interweb has cut out the many vampiric middlemen & put distribution in the unconditionally loving hands of the cluttered bedroom creative. The spirit of the old Black Lion lives on in the weekly DIY promotions at The Labour Club, where a team of shoe-string budget promoters host free shows of varying degrees of wonder by musicians from as far a field as just 'round the corner or San Fransisco.

Current success stories hang ripe: Earls Barton's prodigal son James Chapman (aka Maps) 1st album 'We Can Create' garnered a Mercury Music Prize nomination & Overstone native VV Brown is currently strutting her stuff & shaking her bouffant all over MTV. The closure of Spinadisc record shop in 2005 was a body blow typical of the times, but the discerning vinyl browser & seeker can still find hope at Alex Novak's Spiral Archive records, the last Independent man standing, lately on St. Micheals Road, right on the spot where The Beatles blurred out of town all those years ago.

BBC Northampton's Weekender show has been the one constant & backbone of 'famptown music of late. An hour of weekly radio purely dedicated to local musicians & gigs of right now, such as My First Tooth, The Retro Spankees, Liam Dullaghan or The Moons. Such an enterprise is rare in any town and The Weekender has broadcast live every Friday for an impressive seven years, so something must be happening around here somewhere.

Music saves. Not over there on the NME mansion in the hill, but right here where you are. Pass it on.

**Thanks for the brains & beer: Pat Fish, Alex Novak, Andy Skank, Paul Hillery, David Walker-Collins, Mick Austin, Steven Blanch, Daryl Greenfield, Pete Kember, Mark Refoy, Mark Davees, Gerry Burt, Ian Anderson, William Martin, Derrick Thompson.**





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Former San Francisco underground cartoonist, professional pornographer, author, sculptress, lecturer, and illustrator of *Lost Girls* [written by Alan Moore]. Melinda now resides in Northampton for her sins.

## Josie Long

A stand up comedian and shockingly poor cartoonist. She performs her one-woman shows at festivals round the world and often includes her rubbish "art" in them. [www.josielong.com](http://www.josielong.com)  
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## Claire Ashby

I do gardening, art work, chewing gum and kicking ass. Hate politicians and red tape. I like being outside.



## Dave Hamilton

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Ellie Mains was roped in to illustrate Dave Hamilton's articles. Although this is her first ever commission, she rather enjoyed it and would be willing to do it again!  
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## Steve Aylett

Author of books such as *LINT*, *Slaughtermatic*, and *Your Point Is?* and *The Inflatable Volunteer*, as well as creating the comics 'The Caterer' and 'Get That Thing Away From Me'. He is quite stern.

## Gary Ingham

Writer of *Blank Stares* and *Cricketclaps* fanzine, and chief hassle-stirrer of Broken Shackle Tabernacle live music promotions of Northampton. Gary was awarded a certificate for completing the 25metres front crawl in 1986. [www.myspace.com/brokenshackle](http://www.myspace.com/brokenshackle)

## Tansyn Payne

Tansyn can be found mostly poking about in charity shops and testing cake. She has been justifying her haberdashery fetish for years by making and selling handmade thingies to people who seem to want them. She runs the Nook Cafe in the Fishmarket Gallery, just for the kicks.



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Web designer by day, comedy mag writer by night. Mustard is photocopied in front of a live studio audience.

[www.mustardweb.org/alex](http://www.mustardweb.org/alex)

Wendy Jaret's Food for Health activities supports a range of local communities and their 'getting to grips with food'. She is keen to encourage enjoyment of the processes in her teaching, sharing and learning. After all, we all have ideas, traditions or 'tips' that can lead to something unexpected and new!  
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Lee burrows is collected nationally and internationally. Lee has two strands to his work, landscape paintings and social realism paintings, which are observations of society. [www.leeburrowsart.com](http://www.leeburrowsart.com)



## Lejorne Pindling

A young musician, trying to bring music back to a respectable state - Check me out on [www.soundclick.com/illusionproductionz](http://www.soundclick.com/illusionproductionz)

## Kevin O'Neill

Stone Age comic book artist, who refuses to be dragged beyond the 19th Century. Kevin has ink in his veins and dyslexia explains him having the worlds largest collection of corn.

## Martin Marprelate

Martin Marprelate is nearly five hundred years old, and still hasn't chilled the fuck out. We found him living under a hedge.

## Norman Adams

Norman Adams is basically a housing campaigner with mission creep and no exit strategy.

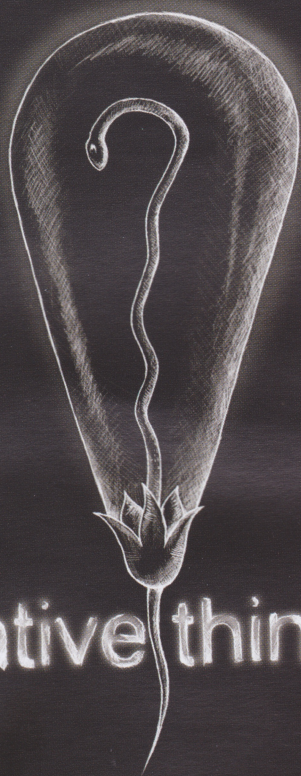
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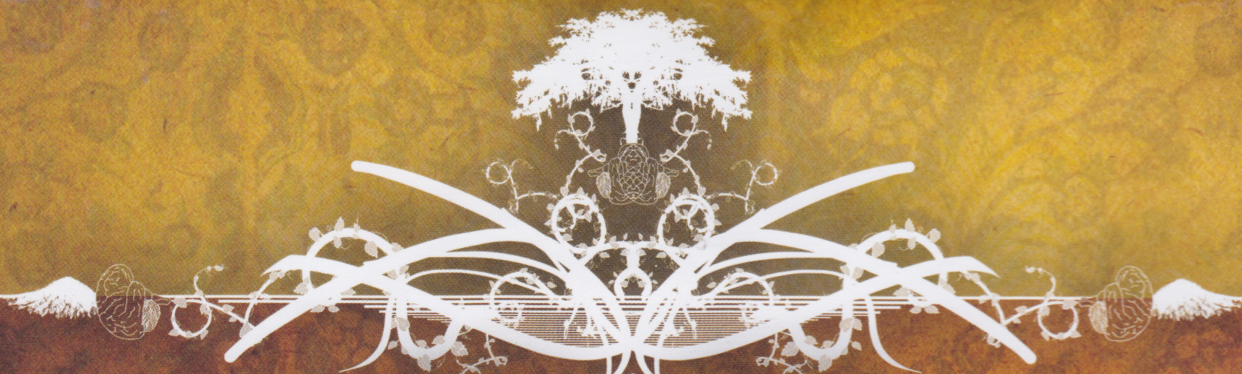


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